

The Sketch.

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The Sketch

No. 953.—Vol. LXXIV.

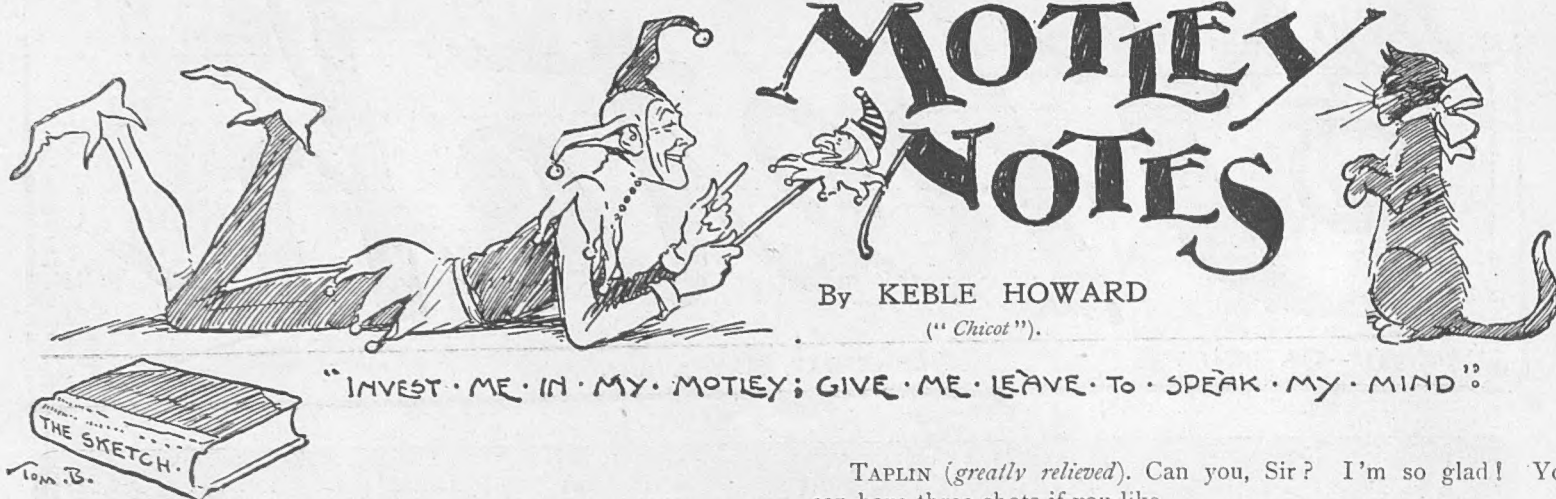
WEDNESDAY, MAY 3, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



“A FANTASTIC, BIRDLIKE CREATURE, HOUSING IN CAVES”: “THE DEMON OF DEATH”—
SENT M’AHESA IN ONE OF HER REMARKABLE DANCES.

It was arranged that Sent M’ahesa should appear at the Little Sunday Club at the Little Theatre on Sunday last, giving three dances, described as follows: “The Cymbal Dance.”—This is strictly rhythmic, bringing out all the hidden feelings of the dancer. “The Sword Dance.”—Dream of an Egyptian warrior. He sees victory in the form of an Egyptian girl dancing with the sisters of three of his enemies. Finally, he decides to make love to one of the sisters. “The Demon of Death.”—A fantastic, birdlike creature, housing in caves under the earth; shows his desire for light in an extravagant dance.—[Photograph by Von Debschitz-Kunowski.]



The Man with No
Philosophy.

"He that can be content has no more desire," I murmured.

"Don't be an ass," growled my companion. "How would you like it if you'd just furnished a house from top to bottom, and then came to this show and discovered that all the things you'd bought and paid for were out of date?"

We stopped in front of a model bath-room.

"Have I got a bath like that?" he went on. "No! Have I got the walls done in that way? No! Have I got that ripping stuff on the floor? No! Why did you bring me here? I was as pleased as Punch with all my stuff; now I've got to live with it for ten years and loathe it all the time. Some of the furniture will never wear out; they told me so at the shop."

The gentleman in charge of the model bath-room came towards him, smiling pleasantly. "Can I show you anything, Sir? We have some wonderful improvements on the old fittings. Would you step inside a moment?"

"Some other day," he replied. "I'm in rather a hurry."

We strolled on, and came to a very charming circular window with curtains complete. The gentleman in charge of the window was explaining the new system of fixing curtains.

"No more rings and rods, ladies and gentlemen; that system is obsolete. It was never satisfactory, as you know. The rods worked loose, the rings came off or made holes in the curtains. Our patent rod can be fixed in a few moments to any window, no matter what the shape. The curtains can be attached in a few seconds, and then see how easily they run!"

"It's certainly a very neat idea," I observed.

"Very neat!" muttered my poor friend. "Oh, very neat and ingenious, indeed! But, you see, I happen to have had the old-fashioned rods fitted to all my windows at enormous expense, and all the curtains will have rings on them. I never thought of anything else. How should I?"

Just then the explanatory gentleman caught sight of him. "Would you like to test the curtains for yourself, Sir? I'm sure you'd be delighted with our patent!"

"Thank you, but I haven't time."

I led him gently in the direction of the model kitchen, but the mere sight of it was enough. Turning abruptly, he dashed down the central aisle and made for the exit. It was in vain that I appealed to his philosophy, reminding him that only "base envy withers at another's joy." Once through the turnstile, he ran at top speed in the direction of Kensington. I suppose he was going home to destroy the furniture and fittings.

A Working Model. A leader-writer in one of my daily papers complains that dramatists do not move with the times. They still call a man of forty middle-aged, and label an unmarried woman of thirty-five an old maid. He is quite right. Most men begin their lives nowadays at about sixty, and very few women have enough experience of the world to make good wives until they are over fifty. Here is a scene from a little comedy upon which I am now engaged—

Mr. Uxbridge's study. Night. MR. UXBRIDGE, a well-dressed, well-set-up man of about a hundred and seven, is sitting at his desk. Facing him is CHARLIE TAPLIN, a young fellow of some sixty-three years of age. He is attired in the very latest fashion of the young men about town. He is obviously nervous.

MR. UXBRIDGE. You have something to say to me, my boy? I think I can guess what it is.

TAPLIN (*greatly relieved*). Can you, Sir? I'm so glad! You can have three shots if you like.

MR. UXBRIDGE (*frowning*). Flippancy at such a time is out of place. I deeply deplore this tendency to flippancy on all occasions that is so characteristic of the young men of the present day.

TAPLIN. I assure you, Sir—

MR. UXBRIDGE. That will do. You have come here to ask me for the hand of my daughter Philistia in marriage. Am I right?

TAPLIN. Bull's-eye first time, Sir. I mean—

MR. UXBRIDGE. Allow me. I believe I am also correct when I say that you've only recently taken to serious work?

TAPLIN. That's quite correct; but I mean to stick to it now that I have begun. In five years' time I shall get my first rise, another rise after ten years, and I can draw my pension when I have been with the firm thirty-five years. Then, of course, I should look about for something better. One can't spend all the best years of one's life as a mere clerk, can one, Sir?

MR. UXBRIDGE. My dear Mr. Taplin, you are in too much of a hurry. Look at me. I am not yet my own master. I work for a wage, and I am wise enough to value my position. You are too ambitious, which is almost as bad a fault as being too apathetic. Now with regard to Philistia—have you any reason to believe that she looks upon you with affection?

TAPLIN. I would stake my life upon it, Sir! She loves me dearly, just as I love her!

MR. UXBRIDGE. Love is a big word, my boy. I doubt if either of you know the meaning of it at present. Philistia is still little more than a child. She will be fifty-four next birthday. She is the youngest of twelve.

TAPLIN. But she is so sensible, Sir, that one would give her credit for a riper age—sixty or seventy at least.

MR. UXBRIDGE. That is, to some extent, true. I have noted with satisfaction of late that she seems more inclined to put away the girlish follies of extreme youth. Well, well! I will think it over, my boy. Come to me in ten years' time and I may—mind you, I can only say I may—have news for you.

TAPLIN (*overjoyed*). Oh, thank you, Sir—thank you a thousand times! I will willingly wait those few years. During the interval, I shall strain every nerve to win the approbation of my employers and to save the money to furnish our humble little home. I wish you good-night. [*He goes out.*]

MR. UXBRIDGE (*meditatively*). And to think that, in a dozen years or so, I may be a grandfather! How swiftly the years roll on!

CURTAIN.

Doing London. "Yes," said the Country Member, enjoying his modest nightcap before the fire in the club smoking-room, "I'm thoroughly satisfied with my day. Immediately after breakfast I went to the Army and Navy Stores in Bedford Street to do a little shopping. Then I met a young nephew of mine and took him down to Westminster to see St. Paul's Cathedral. We had a nice little lunch at the Palladium, and I treated him to the matinée at the Trocadero. Then I took him back to school, being careful to go by way of Hyde Park in order that he might get a glimpse of the Victoria Memorial. I dined by myself at His Majesty's. The prices are stiff, but they cook a cutlet to perfection. It was rather late for the theatre, so I turned into the Empire to see whether Maud Allan and Mordkin had adjusted their little difference. Found they hadn't; but the audience seemed to enjoy the situation. So back to the club by way of Regent Street and Chelsea Broadway. A good day, don't you think?"

"A capital day," I assured him. "Good-night to you."

COLLARED — BY GUM! STICK-IT MINISTERS.



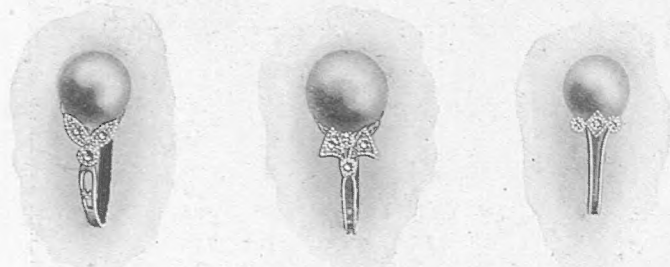
IF LIONS, WHY NOT OTHER THINGS? THE FLY-PAPER AS TRAP.

Our Artist has been inspired by the following paragraph in the "Evening Standard": "Four man-eating lions which had attacked native villages at Gwalior, India, were captured by means of fly-papers. The head shikari of the Maharajah of Gwalior managed at night to barricade the lions in the huts, and kept them there for a fortnight, while he thought out a plan for their capture. Ultimately he hit upon the idea of covering a considerable space in front of the huts with thousands of fly-papers. When the barricades were removed the lions immediately jumped out of the huts, only to have their paws covered with the sticky papers. In trying to release their paws by soraping them on their faces, the animals ultimately covered their eyes and noses . . . The shikari and his men then rushed forward, and, lassoing the beasts, had them quickly bound with ropes."

DRAWN BY H. M. BATEMAN.

THE STORY OF THE TECLA GEMS

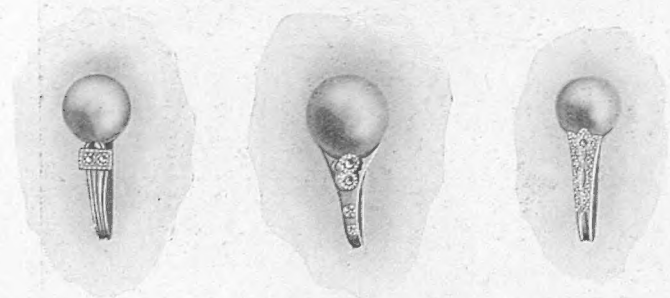
THE progress of modern science has revolutionised many old-established theories, and not the least interesting in its latest developments is its incursion into the domain of art and beauty. The wonderful invention of creating rubies that compare with natural stones in exact affinity and possess the same physical properties, startled those who were unaware of the miracles which are worked in the modern laboratory with the latest appliances. It has since transpired that Professor Tecla proceeds on natural lines; he employs as a basis small



particles of real rubies, and under the highest temperature of the modern scientific crucible these are fused, and by amalgamation become rubies of greater magnitude and value. Nor did M. Tecla cease his experiments with the successful production of rubies. He has brought into being artificial emeralds and sapphires of equal co-naturalness with the finest and most expensive stones. These, when set in connection with real diamonds in platinum and gold, have won the highest tribute of praise from experts who are qualified to judge the technicalities of the jeweller's craft.

The highest achievement to which M. Tecla has attained is his latest invention of pearls, so natural in effect that they can be, and actually are, placed side by side with ropes and collars of Oriental pearls in effective combination, and with such complete success that they are practically indistinguishable from real pearls, as though formed in Nature's ocean laboratory. Clients, realising the possibilities of the Tecla *atelier*, bring fine old collars of rare and valuable pearls, to which an additional row is added, and the result is so indisputably harmonious that it has not failed to charm the most exacting critics or the most fastidious of wearers.

Inferentially one may conjecture how this surprising result is achieved by the secret processes of the Tecla laboratory. We already know, in regard to the rubies, that Nature's slower methods are supplanted by the quicker action of the skilled scientist. Under expert examination these scientific rubies obey all the formulæ of the tests applied, exactly as do the stones from the mines. Similarly, the artificial pearls have the appearance of the natural gems, and possess the same opalescence and the rich deep lustre so especially sought after by connoisseurs. Physically they are endowed with equal natural properties, and have the density of structure and corresponding weight and hardness of real pearls. It is thus seen that in this latest invention M. Tecla has arrived at

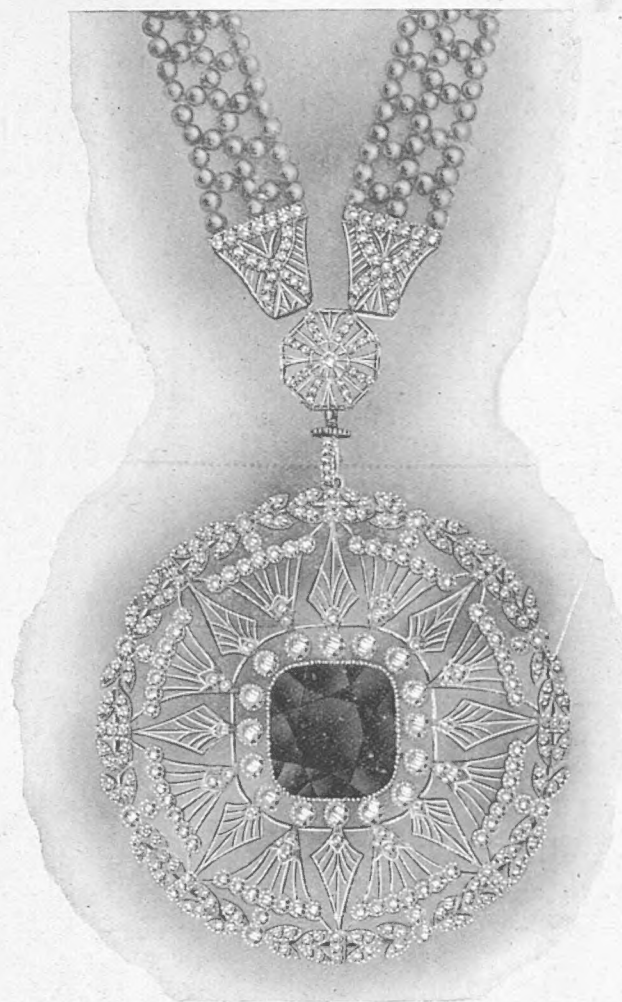


a consummation of art which is almost incredible, were it not for the fact that the results are publicly exhibited in the Old Bond Street showrooms, where the display of jewels has attracted the attention and won the admiration of those who have been fortunate enough to inspect them.

In æsthetic beauty the combination of inventive and original designs has rarely been equalled. They emanate from the artist-craftsmen in Paris, who are especially trained in producing work which is reticent and subdued in effect, and who have an instinctive

felicity in avoiding the commonplace results of the usual jewelled ornaments. As pearls and emeralds are so fashionable at present, especial attention has been given to the artistic value of these; and in earrings, in pendants, in brooches, and in a variety of ingenious conceptions they are found to excel. Owing to the fact that it is an axiom that the highest art should be personal, no two ornaments are alike: this note of exclusiveness and distinction has favourably appealed to all those who desire to avoid hackneyed design. Fashionable ladies find their collections contain heavy and massive creations of a past decade that are out of date according to the newer and more subtle decorative modes. Accordingly, those who desire to keep abreast with modern taste have availed themselves of the expert advice of the *Maison Tecla*, and as an object-lesson in exquisite and delicate symmetry and well-balanced and reposeful art, the dainty exhibits from Paris would put to shame the jewel-cabinet of many an English Duchess.

The setting of pearls, particularly in rings, demands the most skilled craftsmanship, and those illustrated display an inventiveness of design that is of a distinctive character. This is especially



praiseworthy, inasmuch as the slender area of the surface of the shanks offers little scope for originality.

The diamond setting in the rings of the upper row is executed with a deftness of touch eminently fitted to display the chaste qualities of the pearls. The one on the right with the minimum number of brilliants achieves a reticent triumph, and the left hand ring, with its pearl-crowned stamen, suggests some tender flower of loveliest delicacy.

The lower three rings, still dependent on the ornamented shank for effect and harmony, are set with diamonds in perfect refinement of taste. Of the three individual designs, each has its own style, and the result is that the pearl seems poised on a crystal fairy-like stem.

Also illustrated is a pendant that exhibits delicacy of workmanship of rare calibre. The two pearl braids have diamond extremities, and the platinum *plaque*, of pierced work, displays as a centre a selected Tecla sapphire in the new effective *mille-grains* setting. The depth of tone of the sapphire, and the delicate lines and subtlety of the design, place it on a high level of artistic achievement.

SUPERMEN AND SUPERWOMEN OF GOLF: THE GREAT MATCH.



1. Miss Barry, who was beaten by Mr. C. V. L. Hooman by 5 and 4; and was beaten by Mr. R. Harris by 3 and 2.

2. Miss Mather, who was beaten by Mr. H. E. Taylor by 4 and 3; and beat Mr. A. V. Hambro by 2 and 1.

3. Miss V. Hezlet, who was beaten by Mr. H. G. Hutchinson by 2 up; and beat Mr. V. C. Longstaffer by 3 and 2.

4. Miss V. Hezlet driving from the 17th tee in her match with Mr. H. G. Hutchinson, which the gentleman won by 2 up.

6. Miss L. Moore, who was beaten by 1 up, and Captain C. K. Hutchison on the 2nd tee—Miss Moore afterwards beat Mr. H. H. Hilton by 2 and 1.

5. Miss L. Moore and Captain C. K. Hutchison at the 16th green in the morning round, which ended in the defeat of the lady.
7. Miss Neil Fraser, who was beaten by 3 and 2, and Captain C. K. Hutchison on the 3rd tee—Miss Fraser had previously beaten Mr. H. H. Hilton by 1 up.

8. Mr. H. G. Hutchinson and Miss V. Hezlet crossing the brook from the 9th tee.

9. Mr. C. V. L. Hooman, who beat Miss Barry and Miss K. Stuart, driving at the 3rd tee.

10. Captain C. K. Hutchison and Miss L. Moore going to the 9th green.

There took place at Stoke Poges on Friday last a golf match of unusual interest. Twelve women golfers played twelve men golfers two matches of 18 holes each. The men gave a half, or a stroke at every odd hole. Half the men won both their matches, and the men's team as a whole won nine matches and halved one in the morning; in the afternoon, they won seven. The couples in the afternoon differed from those of the morning.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

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ST. JAMES'S. MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER
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THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENCE.
A new play by A. E. W. Mason.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2.30.

SHAFTESBURY. Every Evening at 8, THE ARCADIAN.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY at 2. Lessee and Manager, Robert Courtneidge.

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GAIETY THEATRE. Manager, Mr. George Edwardes.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15. MATINEE SATURDAYS at 2.
Mr. George Edwardes' New Musical Production, PEGGY, by George Grossmith jun.
Music by Leslie Stuart. Box-office open daily 10 to 10.

WYNDHAM'S. Gerald du Maurier and Irene Vanbrugh in
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FINE COPY OF THE GREAT ARDEBIL CARPET, 49 FT. x 30 FT.
Now in the South Kensington Museum.
A FINE ANTIQUE TABRIZ CARPET,
SILK RUGS AND WINDOW CURTAINS,
By order of the liquidators, re Messrs. Hamza Mehdi and Co., of Constantinople,
MESSRS. ROBINSON, FISHER and CO. will SELL at
their Galleries on Tuesday, May 9, at 1 o'clock, the above PROPERTY. Catalogues
upon application.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventy-three (from Jan. 11 to
April 5, 1911) of THE SKETCH can be had, Gratis, through any
Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

"THE STOLEN LADY."

IT is difficult to decide upon the exact manner in which to
approach a work like "The Stolen Lady," by Alice and Claude
Askew (Ward, Lock, and Co.). Perhaps it may be best described
as a Cautionary Tale for Young Ladies between the ages of seven-
teen and twenty. For Muriel had read a paragraph in the news-
paper about some eccentric princelet which inflamed her imagination
and led her to turn a cold shoulder upon her own very desirable
young man. It results in her spending six months guarded in a
mock mediæval castle, all moats and Gothic fantasies and electric
light, awaiting the said prince as his most reluctant bride. Her
unhappy relatives are made to suffer more than the loss of her
presence. Any rebellion on her part against her captors is visited
by some fresh raid on them, including the poisoning of a roomful
of her aunt's beloved canaries, and the theft of her uncle's pre-
cious scientific manuscript. The fairy prince puts things to rights,
however, when at last State affairs permit of his arrival, and Muriel
is restored to normal life and happiness in a little dinner-party
where the principal actors assemble. The moral reads very clearly:
young ladies should leave fairy princes in the dolls'-houses of
their school-rooms, and should not replace the literature of their
childhood by the more popular daily newspapers.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.

Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits.
Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.
Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist,
and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.

The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand
words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature,
and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general
articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether
(a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been
sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright.
With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No
published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made
to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written
carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print
must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and
Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.

The Editor will be glad to consider photographs of beautiful landscapes,
buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used.
Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints
of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.

Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to
the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected
contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not
accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage,
destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings,
paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely
to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject,
the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does
an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch,"
nor has it ever done so.

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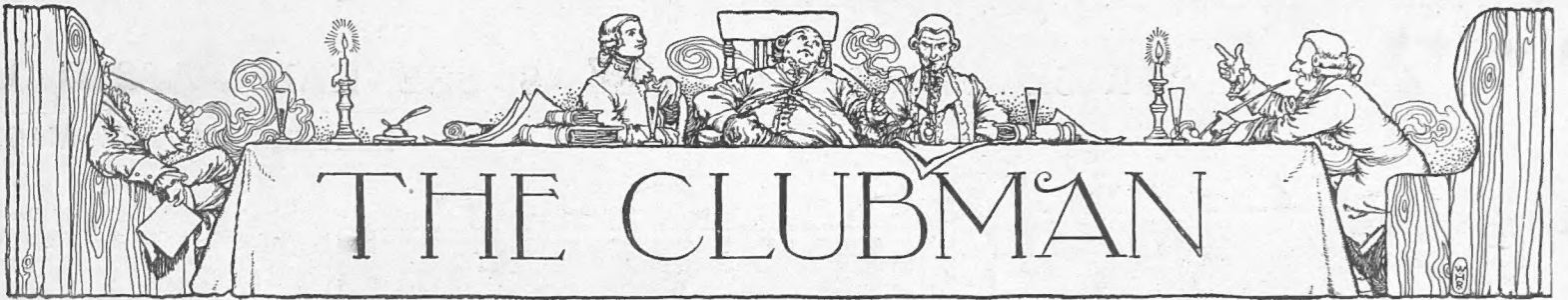
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The Seat of the Wise.

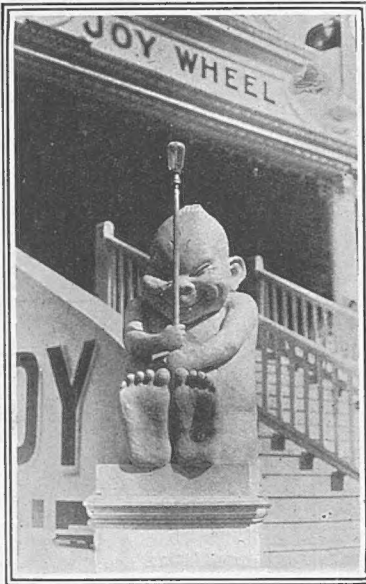
A good deal of painful experience has taught me that in Great Britain the right-hand seat of an automobile is the wise one to take, and the left-hand one when one is on the Continent. All roads slope down from the centre to the sides, and in mountainous districts this slope is very acute, and the man sitting on the outside often has the weight of his companions thrown on to him by the list of the car. On an expedition I made from Pau to the Cirque de Gavarni I was

given no choice of seats, but had to take whichever was vacant in the big motor-car; and when I saw that I was a right-hand man, with two fat Frenchmen to the left of me on the wide seat, I knew what I was in for. But the end justified all the aches I incurred by acting as a buffer, and the two Frenchmen on the seat, who were continually shifted down upon me as though they were sacks of coal, were such good-natured gentlemen, and made so merry over all the mishaps of the journey, that I felt in duty bound to keep my temper in order, and to laugh when I felt inclined to groan.

A Hint to Baedeker. May I suggest to the great house of Baedeker to introduce some sign into their guide-books for the especial benefit of men blasés by much travel, to tell them that such and such a sight is very much out of the ordinary? The two stars, which are the highest mark of approbation which Baedeker allows himself, are used somewhat indiscriminately for old churches and

over mountain roads, we had broken down half-a-dozen times and were an hour behind scheduled time, we were all very hungry (for we had started at eight a.m.), and I have no doubt some of the others, like myself, had been squeezed into a state of soreness; but we all, according to our sex and nationality, said something, made some exclamation, at the first sight of this wonder of the Pyrenees. I think that Niagara, Milan Cathedral as I first saw it glowing in the sunset, Nuremberg at midnight under a full moon

when, as a boy, I first wandered through its streets to the big marketplace, and Kinchinjunga, one of the giant peaks of the Himalayas, suddenly appearing high up in the sky amidst a mass of breaking clouds, are the only sights which I know to have drawn from me, as the Cirque de Gavarni did, an involuntary expression of wonder. Perhaps I might add the holy of holies of the picture gallery at Madrid, and that court of the masterpieces of sculpture in the Vatican to my list; but of these I am not sure. One sight which generally stirs travellers to emotion, but which left me quite cold, was the Taj at Agra.



THE "GOD-OF-THINGS-AS-THEY-ought-TO-BE," AT THE FESTIVAL OF EMPIRE: BILLIKEN AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

We illustrate a big Billiken which is to be seen at the Crystal Palace during the Festival of Empire. Billiken, it may be recalled, was invented by a young American art student, who made quite a fortune out of it.

Photograph by Barratt.

works by old masters and fine views, and I often feel inclined to say, as one of my fat French friends of the automobile trip said of the cascade at Gavarni, "Il n'y a rien d'épatant," when I have been lured by the sight of the two stars into making some excursion on which I did not particularly want to go. Let there

be a third star when the cathedral or the picture or the view draws an exclamation of wonder from any carefully selected blasé traveller. There should be three stars set against the Cirque de Gavarni, for I would defy any traveller, not forewarned, to refrain from an expression of wonder at the first sight of the majestic amphitheatre of snowclad mountains, when a turn of the mountain road brings him right into the mouth of the entrance to the Cirque.

"Three Star" Sight.

We were ten of us passengers in the big automobile which has given me the cue for this letter—one French lady, eight Frenchmen, and myself; we had been travelling in jolly fashion for five hours, mostly

The Cirque de Gavarni.

The great circle of mountains at Gavarni is not extraordinarily high. The top-most peak is some nine thousand feet, and the village of Gavarni lies as high as five thousand feet.

But the mountains are lofty enough to give a sense of majesty and awe. They are great masses of limestone, all grey and yellow, with mighty beds of snow on their upper ledges and slopes, and streaks of snow-drift lodged in all the chasms and crevasses. The effect is of some giant wall broken and battered

and snowed upon. The higher summits, one of them cleft by that breach which Roland cut with his sword to give an opening for himself and his followers to return to France, were in a mist of snow-clouds, and on the face of the gigantic cliffs little clouds of blown snow drifted. There is a feeling of desolation, of being at the end of all things, in this circle of rock and snow.

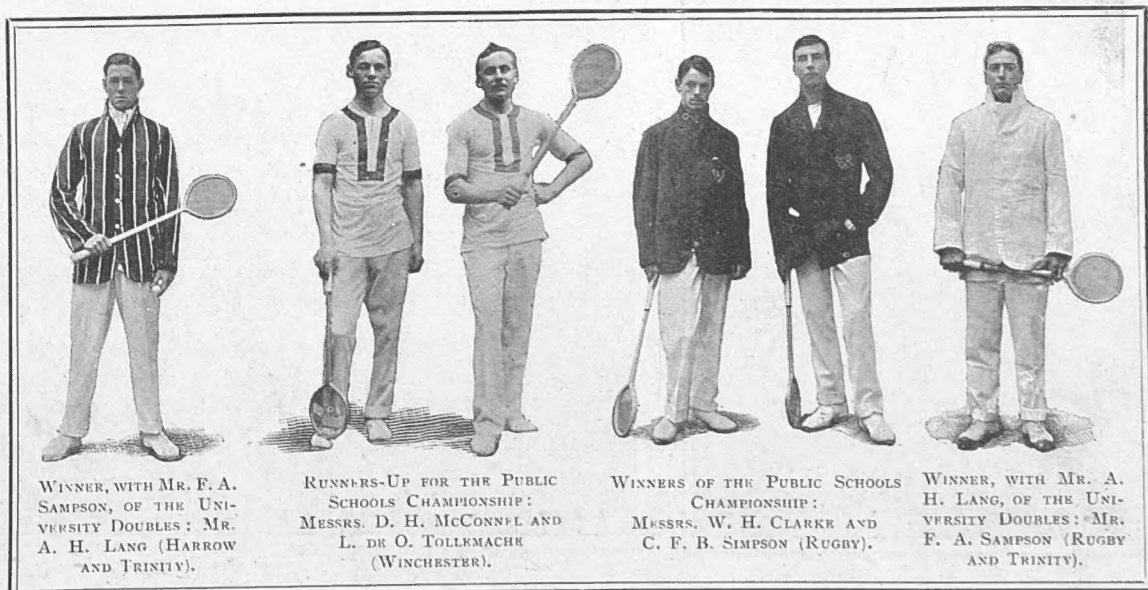
The great cascade necessitates a journey of some three miles, over a rocky bridle-path. It is a thin stream falling 1000 feet in two leaps, and, but for its great height, has nothing very striking in it. The Frenchman was quite right, "Il n'y avait rien d'épatant"; but the principal industry of the inhabitants of Gavarni is to hire out horses and donkeys to visitors for the ride to the cascade.



A STATUE IN CHAINS: A CURIOUS PRECAUTION AGAINST THIEVES AT EAST MOLESEY.

There having been a number of thefts from riverside residences recently, the occupant of a large house in Bridge Road, East Molesey, has chained and padlocked the lead and bronze statues which adorn his front garden.

Photograph by C.N.



WINNER, WITH MR. F. A. SAMPSON, OF THE UNIVERSITY DOUBLES: MR. A. H. LANG (HARROW AND TRINITY).

RUNNERS-UP FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP: MESSRS. D. H. MCCONNELL AND L. DE O. TOLLMACHER (WINCHESTER).

WINNERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP: MESSRS. W. H. CLARK AND C. F. B. SIMPSON (RUGBY).

WINNER, WITH MR. A. H. LANG, OF THE UNIVERSITY DOUBLES: MR. F. A. SAMPSON (RUGBY AND TRINITY).

RACQUETS—OXFORD v. CAMBRIDGE: AND THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS CHAMPIONSHIP.

Photographs by Sport and General.

"FRESH FROM NATURE AS SHE HAD PASSED UNDER
PLAYERS IN THE MAGNIFICENT



1. MASTER BURFORD HAMPDEN AS PUCK. 2. MISS FRANCES DILLON AS HIPPOLYTA AND MR. GERALD LAWRENCE AS THESEUS. 3. MR. WALTER R. CREIGHTON AS SNUG.
7. MR. A. E. GEORGE AS QUINCE. 8. MR. EDMUND GURNEY AS SNOOT. 9. MISS EVELYN D'ALROY AS OBERON AND MISS MARGERY MAUDE AS TITANIA.

Much interest is being taken in the magnificent revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at His Majesty's. In his introduction to the comedy, Hudson writes: "Chaucer's legend of 'Thisbe of Babilon,' and Golding's translation of the same story from Ovid, probably furnished the matter for the Interlude. So much as relates to Bottom and his fellows evidently came fresh from Nature as she had passed under the poet's eye. The

THE POET'S EYE": "A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

REVIVAL AT HIS MAJESTY'S.



4. MISS LAURA COWIE AS HERMIA.

5. MISS MAUD CRESSALL AS HELENA AND MR. E. ION SWINLEY AS DEMETRIUS.

6. MR. BASIL GILL AS LYSANDER.

10. MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS BOTTOM, THE WEAVER.

11. MR. EDWARD SASS AS STARVELING.

12. MR. E. M. ROBSON AS FLUTE AS THISBE.

linking of these clowns in with the ancient tragic tale of Pyramus and Thisbe, so as to draw the latter within the region of modern farce, thus travestying the classic into the grotesque, is not less original than droll." By the way, it is worth noting that, as Thisbe, Flute wears a wig of shavings, as shown in Photograph No. 12.

CUFF COMMENTS

By WADHAM PEACOCK.

HYETT is a pure and unspotted Gloucestershire village, where smoking-concerts are not permitted by the justices. What a place for a week-end off from the strenuous life!

Wireless telegraphy is thought to be the cause of the new toothache which makes the teeth of the public drop out in the streets. Similarly, it is no doubt the aeroplanes flying overhead which are responsible for the increase of baldness.



Hold on to something while you read this. "The Greek Government has given the Kaiser permission to excavate in Corfu." Fancy the Kaiser deigning to ask anyone for permission to do anything!

The new Coronation coiffure has been designed with a view to

the wearing of a coronet in comfort. As we shall all be peers in about a month's time, it will be well to begin brushing our hair in the correct way at once.

Wallasey has cancelled the order for twelve thousand Coronation mugs from a German firm, and the children's mugs will be made in England. This is, what the Chinese call saving their faces.

Lewis Carroll's Bellman has been embodied in Clause II. of the Veto Bill, which enacts that whatever the House of Commons says three times is right. The Bellman said, "Just the place for a Snark! I have said it thrice: What I tell you three times is true."

Last year, forty thousand pariah dogs of Constantinople were poisoned and made into gloves by a French firm. So next time you hear a sausage barking at a glove you will know where they both come from.

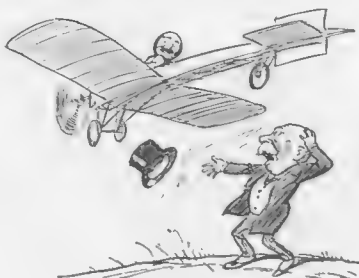


Two of the Newcastle team which had to replay the Cup Final are said to belong to Newcastle. Surely, in professional football, this is pushing accuracy of description to the verge of eccentricity.

FORCING AN APPETITE.

("Singing a song is a better way of promoting a good appetite than drinking a sherry-and-bitters."—The *Daily Mirror* doctor.)

He entered with his Sunday girl
A famous restaurant,
And then incontinently burst
Into melodious song.
The waiters drooped, the diners fell
In heaps both left and right,
But cheerfully he cried, "I sing
To gain an appetite."
"Sherry-and-bitters have a trick
Of flying to my head,
And so, by medical advice,
I sing a song instead."
But then the diners rose in wrath,
And when they'd done the fight,
The singer had two blackened eyes,
And they an appetite.



it is too late to talk about boycotting.

Not to be beaten by the Selfridge motor-accident, A. W. Gamage announced, at a meeting at the Holborn Restaurant, that they had had a record Turnover.

"Men are beginning to consider the idea of boycotting the opposite sex until its members become more sensible as regards dress," says a would-be authority. Rubbish! No man objects to dress-extravagance in a woman unless she is his wife, and then

THE PARTI-COLOURED LOVER.

(Many men follow the tint worn by their lady friends by matching their ties and socks to it.)

Percy's in a sad quandary
As regards his ties and socks,
Which, by Fashion's last vagary,
Ought to match his girlie's frocks.

But—and here's his sad dilemma—
He's a popular young man,
And the colour loved by Emma
Is the colour loathed by Anne.



Heliotrope is worn by Gladys,
In it Betty's never seen;
Poppytop's peculiar fad is
Always to be clothed in green;
Pink for Gertie, white for Connie,
And for Ethel royal blue;
What, I ask you, is a Johnnie
Who respects himself to do?

Whatever hue he's wearing
In his tie and in his socks,
It is bound to be a glaring
Insult to a dozen frocks.
Knowing no quick-change devices
Such as Fregoli might try,
He'll get socks like Naples ices,
And a rainbow-tinted tie.

A telegram says that the only reason why the Mexican rebels evacuated Agua Prieta was that they were so intoxicated that they could not man the guns. The more probable reason was that they left the place because there was nothing more in it to drink.

Animals like toys to play with. Amusement is good for them and for their products. Give a cow a stout canvas sack full of straw to butt, and in return it will give you good butter.



Foolish persons are clamouring for a Minister of Fine Arts. Whoever is appointed will know less of art than the smallest child in a Board School, and in a week's time will gladly change places with the best-abused statue in London.



Science tells us that the Tipulidæ, or Daddy Long-legs, were the original inhabitants of North America, and that they occupied Colorado in vast numbers during the tertiary period. It is understood that the Descendants of Colonial Families have protested against this infringement of their rights:

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



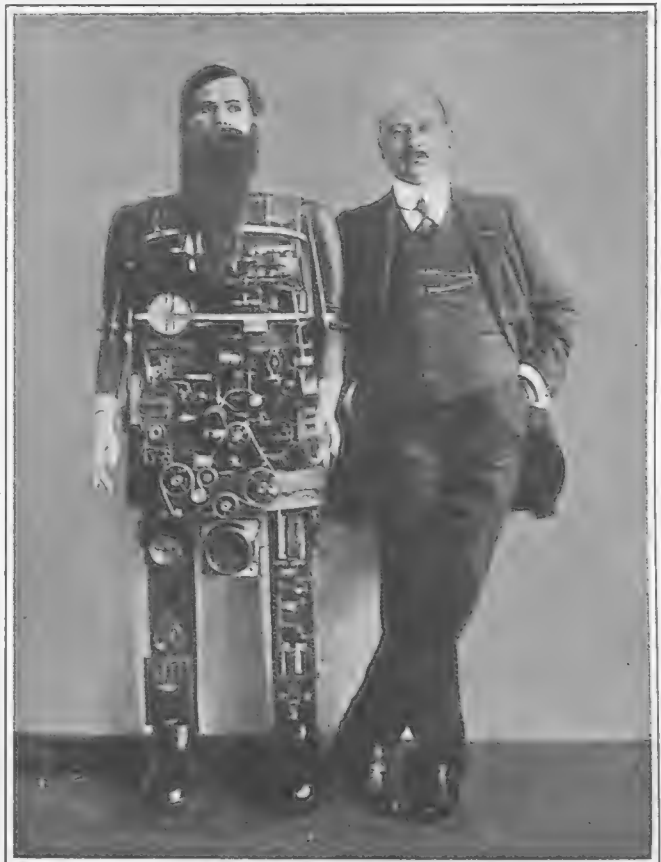
POLITICIANS, PLEASE COPY: A BLINDFOLD DANCER DANCING AMONGST EGGS WITHOUT BREAKING ANY OF THEM.

Mlle. Mélia, whose portrait is here given, is a character-dancer from Russia, who is well known in Paris and has been appearing successfully in Berlin. Her Egg Dance, which she performs when blindfolded, should commend itself to certain politicians.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



CARVED BY THE GIANTS MENTIONED IN GENESIS? ONE OF THE COLOSSAL STATUES ON EASTER ISLAND.

The strange stone carvings on Easter Island are one of the mysteries of the world. They range in size from a colossus 70 feet in height to a pigmy standing three feet. There are 555 of them. The theory has been advanced that they were made by the race of wicked giants mentioned in Genesis, for whose punishment the Flood was brought about.



MAN-MADE MAN: A REMARKABLY REALISTIC FIGURE—ITS WORKS, AND ITS INVENTOR, HERR WIDMAN.

This figure, the work of a Berlin inventor, can walk and generally move in lifelike fashion, speak, sing, laugh, and whistle. It answers questions and obeys words of command. It is in no sense an illusion, but is a pure piece of mechanical work. At a distance of a yard it is very difficult to tell it, when clothed, from a living man.—[Photograph by L.N.A.]



BY E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"Baron Trenck." If a musical play is really to have a plot, it is rather important that it should be possible to understand that plot, and therefore unwise to set it out in songs the words of which are not distinguishable from the music. This was one of the chief faults to be found with "Baron Trenck," the American venture at the Whitney Theatre, which is the new name for the Strand Theatre, which was the new name for the Waldorf Theatre. The work is German, and it aims at belonging to the highest class of comic opera. So far as the music is concerned, the claim is not unfounded. It is good, conscientious music, well scored and showing individuality, and it has some tuneful little dances and several effective choruses; but the impression it left was that it avoided the commonplace without being particularly distinguished for anything else; and it was sadly hampered by words which did not fit it well—for it is impossible to congratulate the author of the English translation.

The Book. The plot, as I have said, was obscure. It consisted mainly of the perversities of a certain Baron and a Countess whom he rescued from robbers; and the reason why they were rude to each other and persisted in their habit of unexpected quarrelling was always hard to grasp. Apart from this, it was one of those very ordinary little stories in which a chorus of rustics takes a prominent part before turning into a chorus of courtiers and ladies in wigs and powder, and the chief tragedy was to see Miss Marie George, Mr. Walter Passmore, and Mr. Rutland Barrington all doing their very best to be funny with unpromising materials. In fact, there was not much in the whole piece calculated to raise a smile, and but for the dancing of Miss Marie George this part of the entertainment would have been rather pathetic. However, there was some admirable singing to compensate for this. Mr. Walter Hyde was in really fine voice and acted well; and though Miss Caroline Hatchard did not shine as an actress, there can be nothing but praise for her singing.

A Suffragist Entertainment. The cause of Woman's Suffrage was not advanced very much at a matinee given by the Actresses' Franchise League in the Rehearsal Theatre in Maiden Lane last week, for the plays were but crude expressions of the feeling which inspires the movement. The best was "Trimings," a story of a typist (excellently played by Miss Adeline Bourne) who, when dismissed for resisting the proposals of an absurdly brutal employer, made up her mind to commit suicide. The other works may have made Suffragist hearts throb, but as plays they called for no criticism.

Mr. Jerome's Problem Play. Lawyers often say that "hard cases make bad laws," meaning thereby that laws can only be framed to do justice in the majority of cases, and that they ought not to be abolished because they work harshly in exceptional cases. In his problem play, "The Master of Mrs. Chilvers," this proposition is ignored by Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, who, in order to show the working of a particular law, chooses a case that would happen very rarely, if at all. To say that because

woman's franchise caused dissension in the Chilvers family, woman's suffrage would destroy home life and ought not to be sanctioned, is as absurd as to assert that golf destroys home life and ought to be rendered illegal because some men neglect their wives on account of the game. For both the Chilvers were ardent supporters of woman's rights, and they loved one another. Yet when he had to seek re-election because he had been appointed an Under-Secretary of State, his wife stood against him, though her triumph obviously would injure seriously his political career. Of course this led to a quarrel; but who can pretend that such an extraordinary case should be taken into account in discussing the question of woman's rights? The fiercest Tariff

Reformer—even the charming one chosen as type by the malevolent Max in his new series of caricatures—will admit that in a few cases his policy would do harm, and the most fanatical Free Trader would make a similar confession; but each will deny that the omission is material. Unfortunately, the author's weakness in treatment of his problem is accompanied by a weakness in handling it as material for drama, since he makes his play quite unconvincing. No one in the audience believed that Mrs. Chilvers under the circumstances would have stood against her husband, and everyone guessed that before the end of the piece Mrs. Chilvers would discover that she was going to have a baby after eight years of fruitless matrimony, and that this fact would heal all dissensions in the Chilvers family.

The Acting. As a farce situation might work excellently, or even as a serious drama the position of wife standing against husband might, if handled grimly, produce something powerful. As it is, one has to look for entertainment in the ancillary plot and the accidental humours, and one does not look in vain. In fact, so much of the play is interesting and amusing that the new managers, Messrs. Vedrenne and Eadie, may have the success which everyone will desire for them. The success is particularly desirable since, in accepting the

unimportant character of Mr. Chilvers, which he plays admirably, Mr. Eadie shows that, as actor-manager, he is prepared to adopt a really praiseworthy policy. Everyone was amused by the love-affair of Jawbones, the bill-poster, and Ginger, the factory-girl, even if it seemed to have very little to do with the play. The parts are well drawn, if not nicely individualised, and Mr. Gwenn played Jawbones superbly, while Miss Esmé Beringer's work as his fitting mate was very clever and effective. Moreover, as Mr. Sigsby, an anti-Suffragette of strong views, Mr. Michael Sherbrooke was very funny. Miss Sydney Fairbrother, in the part of an old charwoman, was comic in part of the piece, whilst in a scene in the last act, a piece of pure padding, she was finely pathetic. There was quite clever work by several ladies: Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Ethel Dove, Miss Gillian Scaife, Miss Sarah Brooke, and Miss Auriol Lee. Miss Lena Ashwell did all that was possible with the comparatively colourless part of Mrs. Chilvers. The play was received very favourably.



TO BE PRESENTED IN LONDON BY MR. CHARLES FROHMAN:
MME. NAZIMOVA.

Mme. Nazimova, the well-known Russian actress, who, it will be recalled, appeared here in a Russian play some years ago, is to leave the United States (where she has been playing in English for five years or so), to be seen in London this month under the banner of Mr. Charles Frohman. All that remains is to find a suitable theatre for her. Mme. Nazimova has been particularly associated with Ibsen's works.

THE ONLY CHILD OF THE ONLY QUEEN REGNANT.



THE HEIR TO THE DUTCH THRONE: PRINCESS JULIANA LOUISE EMMA MARIE WILHELMINA,
ONLY CHILD OF WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.

Princess Juliana was born at The Hague on April 30, 1909. Naturally, her advent was welcomed enthusiastically; and, in the course of the proclamation announcing it, it was said, "May the happy event strengthen the bonds uniting the Netherlands and Orange." The Princess's first name, Juliana, was given her in memory of Countess Juliana of Nassau, wife of Prince Frederick Henry and mother of the two branches of the House of Orange Nassau. The name Louise honours the memory of Louise de Coligny, wife of William the Silent; the other names are those of the child's grandmothers and mother.

Photograph by Guy de Corail.



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE report that the Prince of Wales is to be a "playing" member of the M.C.C. probably brings him nearer than any previous heir to the throne to serious participation in the national game. Edward VII., as Prince of Wales at Oxford, handled the bat at the nets, but lost his wicket, or his patience, too often to persevere very long. Perhaps he detected a note of hopelessness in his bowlers, who told him he had "the makings of a good batsman." The theory that Frederick Prince of Wales, son of George II. and father of George III., died from an injury inflicted by the blow of a cricket-ball is too vague to count; even in the family, for very much. Of the royalties who have hitherto played cricket, W. G. Grace reports that he has seen only one who showed anything like first-class form. This, of course, was Prince Victor Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, captain of the Wellington College eleven in 1885, scorer of 230, not out, in a college match, and later a successful player in Army contests. That a Prince can adapt himself to the requirements of a game in which equality of temper and priority of talent are governing

Guerrazzi and her brother, who danced the hornpipe to him, were the grandchildren of Costa, Leighton's friend and Lord Carlisle's painting-master. Queen Margherita, who also watched them, would doubtless be able to explain their grandfather's part in the episode that added Rome to united Italy, for she had heard from Costa's own lips of his being the first to enter the city by the Porta Pia. Other dancers were the Ambassador's own children. "Don't spare the Rodds," somebody whispered to Sir Rennell, when there was question of an encore.



LADY INGESTRE (THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER IN "HENRY VI.")
Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



MRS. F. E. SMITH (OLIVIA, IN THE "SHAKESPEARE'S LOVERS" QUADRILLE).
Photograph by Swaine.

Is there ominous news for those who fondly watch Mr. George Wyndham's chances of the Premiership? His residence in "Dizzy's" block in Park Lane always seemed a half-way house to Downing Street; but what of his future if he has now finally decided to relinquish a Premier's address? The death of Mr. Percy Wyndham puts his son into the succession of Clouds House and a Belgravian mansion. Clouds will be partly closed for the present; but the Member for Dover and the Countess Grosvenor will join



LADY PAGET (TO HAVE A "HENRY VI" PARTY).
Photograph by Speaight

features he abundantly proved. Perhaps, when the Prince of Wales takes his place at the wicket, there will be certain bowlers who will not care to deliver their fiercest balls to their future King; but this will be quite against the spirit of the game as he himself understands it. It will not be cricket. The professional who muttered, before bowling at a cleric whose stand at the wickets was worthy of a bishopric, "I'll down his old pulpit for him!" will always win a smile from Prince Edward.

An Amused Prince. Prince Arthur of Connaught has not outgrown the pleasures of travel or of Rome in spring. He has returned without any of the weariness that is the usual fate of royal and official missionaries. At the British Embassy he found himself in charming and young company, and reminded of the historic aspect of his visit in doses so mild and disguised that they were taken without a yawn even. Signorina Maria



MRS. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST (CHAIRMAN OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE SHAKESPEARE BALL).
Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



LADY HERBERT (JOAN OF ARC, IN "HENRY VI.")
Photograph by Langflier.

the Hon. Mrs. Percy Wyndham in Belgrave Square. Mr. Wyndham does not leave his bay-windows facing the Park without regret: the Spirit of Place looms large in his philosophy. Like Disraeli, he loves a meditative stroll under the trees which, as the Chief gaily owned, first heard his Parliamentary impromptus.

However, Belgrave Square has its own quite considerable acreage of garden to step across into; and the new abode will be two or three minutes nearer to the House—a consideration in the case of the busiest of men.

No Precedent. Viscount Anson, son and heir of the Earl of Lichfield, has been round the world. Perhaps that journey, made in emulation of the feat of his ancestor, Admiral Anson, and answering to the call of the ocean that comes to him with his Anson blood, made a match with a seafaring family a matter of course. At any rate, his engagement with Miss Evelyn Keppel is bringing him sheafs of congratulations.



MRS. ANTHONY HOPE HAWKINS (PORTIA, IN THE "SHAKESPEARE'S LOVERS" QUADRILLE).
Photograph by Kate Pragnell.



LADY MAUD WARRENDER (MUCH INTERESTED IN THE SHAKESPEARE BALL).
Photograph by Walter Barnett.

THE SHAKESPEARE BALL IN CORONATION WEEK: LADIES WHO WILL TAKE PART IN IT.

THE FAIR MONTHS OF THE YEAR: MAY.

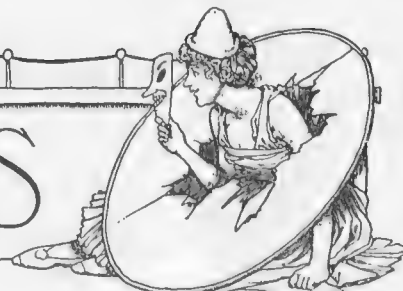


"NATURE MADE THEE
TO TEMPER MAN: WE HAD BEEN BRUTES WITHOUT YOU;
ANGELS ARE PAINTED FAIR, TO LOOK LIKE YOU."

Photograph by S. Elwin Neame.



STAR TURNS



MR. MICHAEL MORDKIN.

THE greatest male dancer in the world! That enviable and brilliant position belongs by the consent of the critics of the great capitals of the world to Mr. Michael Mordkin. His skill in the dance is, even to-day, in spite of the constant performances he gives every week, maintained by a rigid discipline and incessant practice.

Every morning, as regularly as the morning comes, he practises for an hour and a half, so that his limbs may maintain their supple grace, and that he may retain supreme control over his breathing apparatus, in order to dance as much as the audience demands without showing the least fatigue or strain.

His father was a violinist in the orchestra of the Imperial Theatre at Moscow. As a child the future dancer loved to be in the theatre, and when he was nine years old nothing would satisfy him but that he should enter the school attached to the Imperial Theatre. It was not only dancing he studied, but all the subjects which go to make up an ordinary education, especially those relating to dancing, like music and the history of music, the history of the drama and of dancing, and general history. The wisdom of teaching these cognate subjects thoroughly is shown in the fact that, if it is necessary to give the dance of a particular country, the spirit of the dance must be understood by the artist. It is his devotion to this side of his art which gives such a distinction to Mr. Mordkin's performance.

While the ordinary curriculum lasts for nine years, he was specially selected to dance with the *premières ballerines* on the stage of the Imperial Theatre at Moscow two years before the time when he would ordinarily make his début. When he had left the school, he was chosen to arrange a historical costume minuet to be danced before the Tsar. His Majesty recognised the skill of the director, and he was enchanted with the grace of the boy. He commanded the young artist to be presented to him, and, criticising the production, remarked, "You invest the dance with more life than other people," while, referring to the boy's own performance, he said, "I am sure you will become a great artist."

About the time that Michael Mordkin made his début in the Imperial Theatre, at Moscow, he was appointed second ballet-master to the theatre. In consequence of his appointment and the need of his services in directing the ballet in Moscow, he has never been to St. Petersburg, but has spent the whole of his artistic career, except when he has been on tour in Europe and America, in his native city. To his extraordinary skill as a dancer he joins the wonderful gift of miming. Tribute to this has been paid by all the leading operatic artists, who are constantly seeking his aid and advice and begging him for lessons in the art of posing. Evidence of the esteem in which he is held is shown by the fact that the ballet of "Salambo" was specially put up for him at the Imperial Theatre at an expense of 60,000 roubles (£6000). When, however, he left to go touring it had to be taken out of the repertoire for a

long time, as there was no one able to dance the chief part as he could; and they are still waiting for another dancer like him. The repertoire in which he appears is an extended one, including as it does "Giselle," "Coppelia," "Raimonda," "La Fille de Verone," "Le Lac des Cygnes," "The Dream Princess," "La Fille Mal Gardée"; to say nothing of the famous "Bacchanale" and a long list of classical and modern ballets.

Early last year, when he was here, Mr. Mordkin had the honour of being presented to his late Majesty after he had danced at an entertainment given by the Countess of Londesborough. Similarly, after a gala performance given in Berlin in honour of the King of Sweden, he was presented both to the German Emperor and to his guest; while during his recent tour in Canada he was presented, at Montreal, to Earl Grey, who asked for his photograph as a souvenir of what he regarded as a remarkable performance. The Canadian and American tour was of an exceptional nature, for it practically made all the chief cities of the Union into "one-night stands." With Mlle. Pavlova, Mr. Mordkin would dance in one city in the afternoon, leave immediately after the matinée, and dance in another in the evening. Special trains took the artists everywhere. More than that, special trains were run from places within a radius of one hundred miles, in order that the inhabitants of the surrounding districts might have the opportunity of seeing dancing the like of which they had never seen before. The crowds that gathered everywhere were amazing. At Northampton, Mass., the students from three ladies' colleges, to the number of two thousand, filled the theatre, and shouted themselves hoarse for the reappearance of Mr. Mordkin after the performance. Not content with seeing him appear and reappear a dozen times and more, they went *en masse* to the stage-door in order to see him go out. The management, not unnaturally, fearing that the special train which was waiting to take the artists to the next city, where they were to appear that night, would be late, had to resort to strategy to get him away rapidly. They muffled him in a great coat so that he might not be recognised, they summoned a cordon of police to clear a way through the crowd of enthusiastic ladies, and they drove the hero of the occasion rapidly to the station. Then the girls closed in, followed thither, and remained cheering and shouting "Mordkin" until the train left.

In New York the Russian dancers' popularity was so great that they had to appear even in connection with the most popular operas performed by star casts. Next season Mr. Mordkin will have under his sole control and direction in New York a big ballet in which at least 100 people will take part at the Metropolitan Opera House. While he was pupil in the Imperial School Mr. Mordkin noticed the artistic skill and the personal charm of a beautiful fellow-student—Mlle. Bronislawa Pajitzkaia. They fell in love with one another. Very soon after their years of schooling were over, they married. Their married life has been, literally, a dream of happiness. Last year Mlle. Pajitzkaia was the première danseuse of the company at the Palace; this year, although she is in London, she is not dancing there, but it is by no means improbable that she may be seen elsewhere.



THE GERMAN YVETTE GUILBERT: FRÄULEIN CLAIRE WALDOFF, WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE EMPIRE ON MAY 8.

Fraulein Claire Waldoff is very much a star in Berlin, where she sings songs of Berlin and the Berliners which have earned her the title "the German Yvette Guilbert." Since playing in regular comedy, she has been seen for the past three years at one of the all-night cafés in Unter den Linden, giving her "turn" at two a.m. or thereabouts. She will sing her Berlin repertoire in London, but will also sing in English, in which she is proficient.—[Photograph by Voigt.]



MAKER OF A LONDON DÉBUT LAST WEEK: MME. ELSA BLAND.

It was arranged that Mme. Bland should make her first London appearance last week, at Covent Garden, playing Amelia in "Un Ballo in Maschera." Later on, she is to be heard in "Aïda."—[Photograph by De Marchi Carlo.]

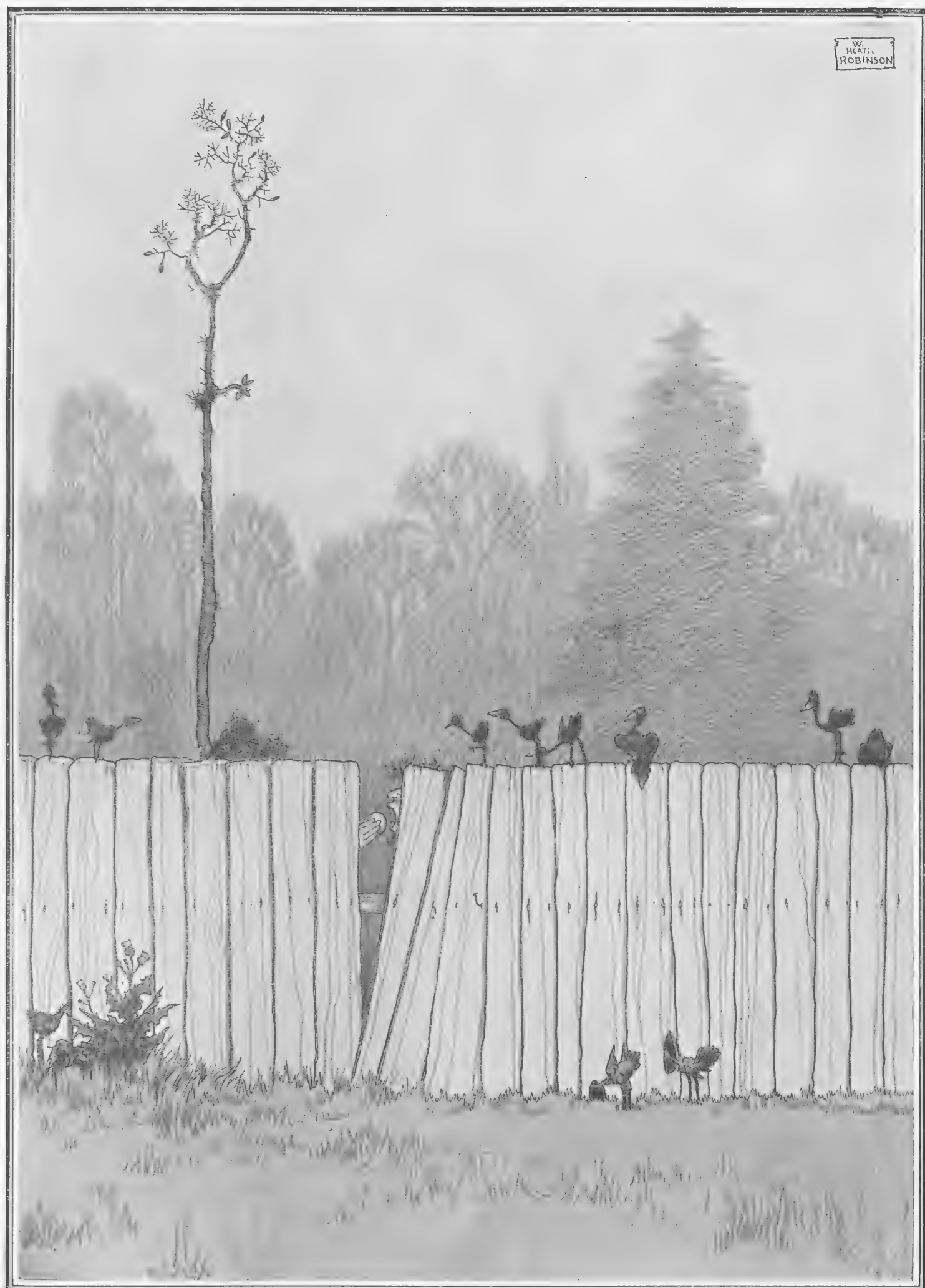
THE SECOND STRING.



THE VICAR: Certainly, I will call upon your daughter if she is so very ill. But which church do you attend?
THE CALLER: We don't go to no church — we're chapel people.
THE VICAR: Then why didn't you send for your own minister?
THE CALLER: Lor! We wouldn't risk 'im! Why, it's scarlet fever.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

NOT SENT TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



"EVE; OR, THE BAD GIRL OF THE HUMAN FAMILY." BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

Terrors of the Tee: Golf Pests.



II.—THE MAN WHO COUNTS.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER

CHART 3655—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.*

AS "George Bernard Shaw," the book, progressed, Mr. Archibald Henderson was warned that he had undertaken a "terrific task." He knew it as well as anyone. "I realised," he writes, "that my subject, beginning as a somewhat obscure Irish author, had thrown off the garb of submerged renown, taken the public by storm, and become the most universally popular dramatist, and the most frequently paragraphed man in the world. No British dramatist—not even Shakespeare!—had con-

quered the world during his lifetime; yet Shaw, just past fifty, had succeeded in turning this cosmic trick. Clippings, pictures, journals, and books poured in upon me from every quarter of the globe. I discovered that Shaw was a man with a past, as well as a genius with a future." He was aware, further, that "it is futile to attempt to measure Shaw with the foot-rule of prejudice or convention." He had to deal with one who was not as ordinary men—one who has already lived in three centuries. "I was born," G. B. S. has said, "on the outskirts of an Irish city, where we lived exactly as people lived in the seventeenth century, except that there were gas-lamps and policemen in tall hats. In the course of my boyhood literature and music introduced me to the eighteenth century; and I was helped a step further through the appearance in our house of candles that did not need snuffing, an iron-framed pianoforte, and typhoid sanitation. Finally, I crossed St. George's Channel into the decadence of the mid-nineteenth century England of Anthony Trollope, and slowly made my way to the forefront of the age—the period of Ibsen, Nietzsche, the Fabian Society, the motor-car, and my own writings." Of the super-century, the twentieth, it will be seen, Shaw is silent. Not so Mr. Henderson. His endeavour and pleasure it is to detect, among a confusing cloud of aliases, the real man, to disclose the true personality of that complex creation who is essentially of the moment—or in advance of it: to dissect "Bernard Shaw, the fictionist; Corno di Bassetto, the music critic of admirable fooling and pungent criticism; 'G. B. S.,' the apostle of comic intransigence in criticism of art, music, and drama—and life; 'P-Shaw,' the Gilbertian topsyturvyist of essay and drama; George

Bernard Shaw, Fabian, economist, public speaker, borough councillor, reformer." He analyses and explains, watches and reports, exploits the whys and retails the wherefores, is worshipper and wonderer, disciple and dictator—yet leaves us with the sense that he is a

searchlight playing on a mass the minutiae of which no rays can make unquestionably clear. In the end, we are forced to accept as the greatest illuminant the purely physical data of Francis Galton, F.R.S., recorded in an Anthropometric Laboratory in 1884, Chart 3655: "Colour of eyes, blue-grey. EYESIGHT, 1; Greatest distance, in inches, of reading 'Diamond' type: right eye, 23; left eye, 27. Colour Sense (goodness of), Good. JUDGMENT OF EYE: Error per cent. in dividing a line of fifteen inches—in three parts, $1\frac{1}{3}$; in two parts, $\frac{1}{2}$. Error in degrees of estimating squareness, $\frac{1}{4}$. HEARING: Keeness can hardly be tested here owing to the noises and echoes. Highest audible note: Between 30,000 and 40,000 vibrations per second. BREATHING POWER: Greatest expiration in cubic inches, 298. STRENGTH: Of squeeze in lbs. of right hand, 83; left hand, 80. Of Pull in lbs., 57. SPAN OF ARMS: From fingertips of opposite hands, 5 feet 11.7 inches. HEIGHT: Sitting, measured from seat of chair, 3 feet 1.8 inches. Standing in shoes, 6 feet 0.8 inches. Less height of heel, 0.7 inches. Height, without shoes, 6 feet 0.1 inch. WEIGHT: In ordinary indoor clothing in lbs., 142." What a pity the weight of grey matter could not be given!

This is not to say that Mr. Henderson's book is without interest. On the contrary, it is full of good things—but—and the "but" is large—his subject is elusive, not even fully understood of the elect. As well try to reduce Shaw

to his component parts as seek to find the component parts of an element! Who can expect to explain one who is "inextricably linked with five epoch-making movements of our contemporary era—the Collectivist movement in politics, ethics, and sociology; the Ibsen-Nietzschean movement in morals; the reaction against

the materialism of Marx and Darwin; the Wagnerian movement in music; and the anti-romantic movement in literature and art"? Genius, self-acknowledged, is not to be tested by accepted processes; not to be put under the microscope with complete success.

It is not easy to believe "G.B.S.'s" dictum: "Many people seem to imagine that I am an extraordinary person. The fact of the matter is that ninety-nine per cent. of me is just like everybody else." His philosophy is: "I am of the opinion

that my life belongs to the whole community. . . I want to be thoroughly used up when I die, for the harder I work, the more I live. I rejoice in life, for its own sake. Life is no 'brief candle' for me. It is a sort of splendid torch, which I have got hold of for the moment; and I want to make it burn as brightly as possible before handing it on to future generations."



AT VERNET-LES-BAINS: A MOST INTERESTING GROUP.

Shown in the photograph are (in front) Field-Marshal Lord Roberts; Monsigneur de Carsalade du Pont, Bishop of Jupignan; Lady Edwina Roberts; Mr. Rudyard Kipling; (behind) Doctor Pagès; M. Emile Kiechle, director; M. Jules Escaranel, publisher; M. Fritz Kiechle; M. l'Abbé Pesgué; M. Salvat, author of the Catalan Encyclopædia, Barcelona; M. Gustave Kiechle, Director.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE STAGE DIVORCE SCENE ILLUSTRATED ON OUR DOUBLE PAGE:
"MAN'S PUTTING ASUNDER; A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE DIVORCE COURT."

This drawing appeared in the "Illustrated London News" of June 11, 1910. We reprint it on a much reduced scale that it may be compared with the photograph of the Divorce Scene in "A Butterfly on the Wheel," which is given on our double page. It will be noted that the "moment" shown in the one is very like that in the other—good proof of the accuracy of the stage setting.

DRAWN BY MAX COWPER.

* "George Bernard Shaw: His Life and Works." By Archibald Henderson. (Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net.)

THE WRITING ON THE HAND: CELEBRITIES "READ."



THE STORY OF THE LINES; V.—THE RIGHT HAND OF LORD ROBERTS.

"The right hand of Field-Marshal Lord Roberts is remarkable for its squareness and its fine proportion. A study of the thumb alone is very interesting. It will be seen from the illustration that it is placed low on the hand and stands out prominently. It is also shapely, with each joint of equal length and development. The possessor of such a thumb would always be characterised by his dogged perseverance, love of liberty, and tenacity of purpose. To such an one difficulties would exist only in order to be overcome, a real delight being taken in the execution of well-nigh impossible tasks. There is also evidence of much public spirit, generosity, and sound judgment. It will be seen that the fingers are placed evenly on the hand, a very wide space showing between the third and fourth fingers. This indicates reasonableness and a natural desire to organise and carry out plans and ideas on strictly original and independent lines. The fingers themselves are shapely and well developed, the third and fourth being pronouncedly long; the tips are also finely rounded. This bespeaks earnestness and much idealism, and shows rare industry and insight into character and motives. The possessor of such a remarkable fourth finger would be a born leader of men, his tact, resource, courage, masterfulness, and facility of expression enabling him to handle men with the greatest ease and in such a way that absolute confidence in his leadership would be at once secured. The markings on the hand are quite in keeping with the shape and formation of it. These reveal intellectuality, strong affection, toleration, and one who lives an active, strenuous, and abstemious life. The whole hand bespeaks exceptional talent and the man of action."—Impression and delineation by C. Walter Child.



THE EXCHANGE.

By EMERIC HULME BEAMAN.

"ARCHIE must be saved from this—this terrible entanglement," declared Mrs. Pouncefote with emphasis.

The Colonel stroked his moustache and nodded thoughtfully.

"Is he anxious to be saved?" was his discreet inquiry.

"As his uncle, Charles," replied the lady, "you are bound to save him—whether he is anxious or not. He will be very thankful—afterwards. The woman is a most designing person. And an actress—! Think of the *mésalliance*!"

"Well," said the Colonel reflectively, "I have known some very charming actresses in my time." He checked a sigh and looked furtively at his sister. "Not, of course," he added, "that I advocate such matrimonial ventures, as a rule——"

"I am aware, my dear Charles," retorted Mrs. Pouncefote severely, "that, as a young man, you were inclined to be a little fast——"

"Fast!" protested the Colonel. "Oh, come!"

"But that has nothing to do with it. It is not your past that I wish to discuss, but Archie's future."

"Quite so," agreed the Colonel, with evident relief. "Archie's a silly young cub, and must be handled firmly——"

"He is no sillier," broke in Mrs. Pouncefote in sharp reproof, "than any other young man of twenty who falls under the influence of a designing woman."

"Pardon me," said the Colonel, in a tone of cautious delicacy, "but is the lady—ahem, well—is there anything against her character?"

Mrs. Pouncefote considered a moment, consulting her conscience; then, with a little shrug, replied—

"Truthfully, I cannot say that there is. So far as I am aware—and I have made inquiries—her respectability is unimpeachable. There is nothing against her reputation. She seems to be a horridly proper sort of person; but this may be merely a disguise: one can hardly believe——" Mrs. Pouncefote paused eloquently. The Colonel coughed. He had a just appreciation of woman's charity where other women are concerned, and remained silent. His sister continued—

"She is, anyhow, a most dangerous person. Archie will come into his fortune next year. He will be twenty-one. Twenty-one! And this creature is forty!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed the Colonel. "As much as that? Are you sure?"

Mrs. Pouncefote evaded the challenge.

"She may, however, be open to argument," she went on. "I think, Charles, if you were to call and see her——"

"She won't listen to me," declared the Colonel, with conviction; "they never do. Why don't *you* call and see her?"

"I!" ejaculated Mrs. Pouncefote in horror. "Besides, a man carries more weight. You *must* go, Charles. You must use every means in your power to induce her to abandon Archie. If she is impervious to friendly argument, threaten her, frighten the woman!"

"Well," said the Colonel, still weakly protesting, "if you insist——"

"Charles—I entreat!" Mrs. Pouncefote amended.

"All right," consented the Colonel, assuming an air of extreme resignation, "I'll go; but, mind, I clearly foresee that any intervention of mine is bound to end in failure. . . . If you will give me the lady's address, I'll write to her for an appointment. It is quite likely," he added, with a gleam of hope, "that she may decline to see me."

But she didn't. For in due course, and somewhat to the Colonel's chagrin, he received through the post a short note, penned in a dainty though firm hand, and couched in quite formal terms,

stating that the writer would be at home to Colonel Clatteridge at four o'clock the following afternoon. The note was signed "Ethel Claremont."

Although the Colonel had been abroad for some time, and had only renewed his acquaintance with London a week previously, the name was known to him as that of a leading operatic actress at the Magnet Theatre. He had not yet had time to visit the Magnet Theatre, though he promised himself the pleasure of doing so shortly, for report spoke in superlatives of the new piece there. Meanwhile, chance and his sister, Mrs. Pouncefote, were about to provide him with an opportunity of beholding Miss Claremont in her private capacity first.

It occurred to him, as he drove down in a taxi-cab to Miss Claremont's flat, that it would be a trifle awkward if he found Archie there too. It occurred to him, also, that his errand was in any circumstances a peculiarly thankless one, and his repugnance to it increased each moment. When, finally, the lift deposited him in front of Miss Claremont's door, the Colonel experienced a distinct disinclination to press the electric bell. . . .

A prim maid-servant ushered him a moment later into a small but elegantly furnished sitting-room, where a fire burned brightly, and shaded lamps, already lit, added an air of cosy comfort to its dainty aspect.

The Colonel was bending over a large framed photograph of his nephew Archie, and marvelling at the vacuousness of its expression, when the door behind him opened noiselessly, and a woman entered the room.

"It is a good likeness, is it not, Colonel Clatteridge?" asked a low and singularly musical voice.

The Colonel turned with a start, straightened himself, and coloured violently.

"Madam," he began, "I had no idea you——" then stopped with a gasp, and gazed at the slim, rather tall, very graceful lady who stood regarding him, while an amused and slightly mocking smile played round the corners of her mouth.

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the Colonel, staring. "Good Lord, why—why—it's—Ethel!"

"Yes—Ethel . . . Ethel Mayne!" She held out both hands to the Colonel with a bewitching smile. "Then you haven't forgotten me—quite?"

"No," he said, "I haven't forgotten you. You are little Ethel Mayne—my little Savoy chorus-girl of fifteen years ago!" He dropped her hands, conscious of something awkward in the reminiscence. "I never meant to lose sight of you, you know"—his tone was slightly apologetic—"but, you see, we were ordered abroad rather suddenly and, well—these things happen without one's meaning it sometimes . . . Believe me, I have often thought of you—why, I was thinking of you, oddly enough, only two days ago when my sister—Ahem, that reminds me. . . ." The Colonel paused, with a little frown. His eye travelled sideways to the photograph of Archie. "My nephew, Mr. Archibald Pouncefote," he said; but a pretty gesture of protest from the lady stopped him.

"Oh, don't let's talk about that—just yet," she begged. "I want to talk about—you, and—the old days when—I was a little chorus-girl at the Savoy. Weren't they jolly days?"

"They were," agreed the Colonel. "Deuced jolly days. And, by Jove, what a little ripper you were, Ethel! Fifteen years ago! Why, I was under thirty, and you must have been, let's see—about ten."

"No—eighteen," she corrected lightly. "Eighteen, really. And fancy your remembering! Life was good fun—then. When one is eighteen, and a chorus-girl, one doesn't take life very

[Continued overleaf.]

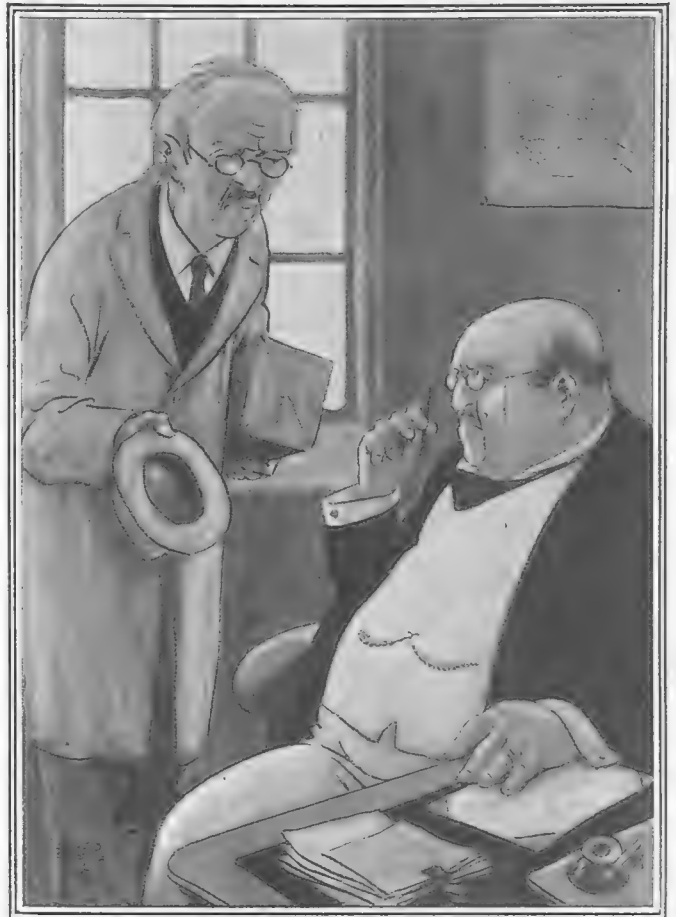
THE MIXTURE: TO BE TAKEN AS BEFORE.



THE CHIEF: Waiter, take this stuff away! There's absolutely no taste in it!

THE WAITER: Can't understand that, Sir. There ought to be—it came off a special artist.

DRAWN BY CHARLES LANE VICARY.



THE INVENTOR: I have here, Sir, an invention upon which I have spent twenty-five years of my life, and which is worth millions.

THE CAPITALIST: What do you want for it?

THE INVENTOR: Five shillings will do, Sir.

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.



CHURCHWARDEN BROWN: Excuse me, Mr. Smith, but are you aware that you put a false half-crown in the contribution-plate this morning?

MR. SMITH: Yes; I owe the heathen a grudge for eating a missionary uncle of mine!

DRAWN BY ALFRED LEETE.

seriously. . . . Well, I'm not 'in the chorus' any longer, and I changed my name—Claremont, you see, looks better on the bills. . . . But I often wish—"

"So do I," said the Colonel heartily—"by Gad, so do I! And, of course, that accounts for it—I didn't recognise the name. . . . I never for one single moment guessed it was you . . . although, naturally, when you got my letter—"

"Oh, yes," she laughed; "I hadn't forgotten! And, besides, you haven't changed your name."

"A woman's privilege!" bowed the Colonel meaningly; then he sat down on the sofa, with his back to Archie's photograph, and looked at her. "You have not altered a bit, Ethel. 'Pon my word, it's almost impossible to believe that it's fifteen years since we met."

"And parted," she reminded him demurely. "Don't forget the parting, Colonel Clatteridge. . . . Or perhaps you *have* forgotten?"

"No; 'pon my soul, I meant every word I said, Ethel—I did indeed," the Colonel hastened to protest. "I adored you. I meant to come back the following week and— Well, I meant to come back, anyhow. You knew that. You knew that I adored you, didn't you?" The Colonel's tone trembled with anxiety.

Miss Claremont's eyelids flickered.

"I only had your word for it," she pointed out. "Many men have told me the same thing."

"The deuce they have!" exclaimed the Colonel. "What confounded impertinence—but surely you didn't . . . By the way, Ethel, you don't happen to be a widow—or—anything of that sort, eh?"

"No—nothing of that sort. I believe spinster is the word—only it sounds so horrid."

"Prim," admitted the Colonel, surveying her with a considering eye, "but safe. And under the circumstances, I suppose the adoration was inevitable—who could help it? But you kept these fellows at a distance—a proper distance, I trust?"

"Oh, quite proper!" She laughed, and coloured slightly. "Some of them—like you—went abroad. There was Teddie—now, you remember Teddie, surely?"

"Teddie? What, Teddie Brick?" exclaimed the Colonel. "Lord, of course I do! Home on furlough, wasn't he, from India?"

"Yes; and he went back and wrote me the sweetest letters for months."

"The villain!" ejaculated the Colonel.

"Not at all. I don't see anything villainous in friends writing to each other—occasionally. Besides, he was such a good sort—we all loved him."

"And I expect," commented the Colonel drily, "he wrote to you all."

"Well"—she glanced down with a reminiscent smile—"Major Brick *had* rather an extensive correspondence, from all accounts! You see"—she raised her eyes demurely—"there's safety in numbers."

"I've heard so before," said the Colonel, "but you needn't look at me like that. I'm not a numerical offender."

"Ah"—her eyelids took a reflective droop—"I was only wondering. . . ."

"Well, what on earth were you wondering?" demanded the Colonel, still suspicious.

"Just whether you were—married . . . that's all—" Her tone was purely speculative as she gazed absently at the fire.

"Married!" The Colonel almost shot from the sofa.

"Well—why not?" she asked, looking up at him calmly.

"Why not—why, simply because—because—I'm not," stammered the Colonel, sinking back on the cushions. "It—ah—it has never occurred to me, in fact."

"I'm glad of that," was her dispassionate comment.

"Glad—eh?—why?" The Colonel threw out his chest and twisted his moustache.

"Why?—well, simply because—because wives are such a nuisance in one's—friends!" Her eyes lifted with slow audacity to his.

"Ha," said the Colonel, "are they?" and an idea struck him rather sharply. "Pray, then, what about—husbands?" he demanded, sitting up.

"Perhaps"—she paused an instant to reflect—"they might also prove rather a nuisance—to oneself."

"That sounds a bit polyandrous," remarked the Colonel doubtfully. "But I meant the question from my point of view—not yours."

"And what is that?" asked Miss Claremont innocently.

"Archie," said the Colonel, with cryptic brevity.

She was silent a moment, her eyes very intent on the fire. The Colonel had half turned and was regarding his nephew's photograph with almost a savage look.

"Well, what do you think of it?" she murmured presently, without glancing up.

"Think of it?—of what?" snapped the Colonel. "Of the portrait?"

"No—of the match," she corrected. "So odd that you should turn out to be his uncle, isn't it?"

"Preposterous! Absurd!" declared the Colonel, ignoring the secondary question. "You must give him up."

"Really!" A smile hovered round her lips. "On whose account, pray? On his? On mine? Or"—her veiled eyes held a gleam of mockery in them—"on yours?"

"On mine—ahem, that is—on his. . . . I mean, of course"—the Colonel gave a determined twist to his moustache—"on yours, Ethel, on yours."

"Thanks," she murmured. "And it's so nice of you to call me 'Ethel'—quite like old times again, isn't it?"

"You must forgive me," entreated the Colonel. "The fact is, I can only think of you as Ethel—as my little Ethel of those old days. . . . I have always thought of you like—like that . . . not as. . ." he paused, slightly embarrassed before the consciousness of her altered position and their altered relations. "I can't seem to get things into perspective," he confessed with a sigh. "But you don't mind, do you?"

"Oh, no. . . . You were going to add, as—a leading actress, or possibly, as—a prospective niece?"

"Certainly not as a prospective niece!" was the Colonel's emphatic assurance. "Indeed, the object of my call this afternoon"—his voice swelled to a note of almost regimental authority—"was—mind, that was before I had any notion you were you, remember—to decline, positively decline to entertain the notion of accepting you as—a prospective niece."

"From the guarded nature of your note," she smiled back at him, "I formed a shrewd suspicion that something of that kind was—at any rate, partly—the object of your visit. Of course, too, I knew that you didn't know I was I, and—forgive me, for are we not old friends?—I promised myself a little amusement from your discovery of the fact. I thought, perhaps, it might make a difference."

"It does," declared the Colonel viciously. "It makes all the difference in the world. I came here as—as a matter of duty, to dissuade you from marrying my nephew. But I now urge you as—as a matter of personal interest, to—"

"Personal interest?" she interposed, with raised eyebrows. "Please, once again—whose? Mine or—yours?"

The Colonel gulped. "Mine," he said desperately. "I want to marry you myself!"

There was a short silence. Miss Claremont gazed pensively at the fire. She seemed neither surprised nor taken aback. The Colonel gazed ardently at her face. He seemed both agitated and resolved. Her eyes lifted presently and met his.

"Your decision is a little—sudden, isn't it?"

"Sudden!" The Colonel looked pained. "Why, good heavens, I have been fifteen years over it!" he remonstrated. "When we parted—you remember?—I vowed that I would come back and marry you. I am a man of my word. I have come back."

"I hope you did not—hurry too much?" Her tone was charged with exquisite solicitude. "It's always such a mistake to—hurry . . . in these matters."

"It is," the Colonel agreed earnestly. "And I am glad to find, Ethel, that you haven't hurried either. Luckily, I've turned up just in time. . . . As for that young cub Archie, how on earth could you lead him to suppose—" The Colonel paused, as a new aspect of the situation confronted him. "I fail to understand why you wanted to marry Archie at all," he added lamely. "You can't possibly pretend to care for a young donkey-like that—no sensible woman could. And it's not as if . . . there was any necessity . . . you've plenty of money, and—" He finished with a helpless shrug.

"Oh, yes!" She shrugged, too, a little defiantly. "I have money enough—and a good position on the stage—and so forth. But—well, a woman wants more. At least I do. There comes a time when one gets a little tired of, of—this sort of life. One wants a—home. Plenty of other chances? Oh, yes. But the kind of man I wanted to marry wouldn't marry me, and I wouldn't marry the kind of man that wanted to marry me. Then your nephew proposed. Well, I never pretended to care for the boy—I told him so; but he pretended to care for me awfully—though, to be candid, I think his devotion has already weakened considerably—under maternal pressure . . . Do you understand?"

"I think so." The Colonel leant forward and took her hand. "A woman wants a—home, you say. But is that all? Isn't there something else she wants, too, Ethel? Doesn't she want a—man's love?"

"Yes," came the slow answer. "She wants that—more than anything—in the world. . . ."

"I have always loved you," whispered the Colonel softly. "'Pon my soul, Ethel, my little girl, I have! To me you are still the little Ethel of fifteen years ago, who pretended she—she liked me—"

"It wasn't pretence," she put in hastily, and as hastily withdrew her hand, adding, with a little laugh: "I—I wasn't such a good actress *then*!"

"And now?" said the Colonel eagerly. "And—now?"

"I will not pretend now either," she answered, looking steadily at him. "I will be perfectly frank. I would rather—oh, ever so much rather—marry you than Archie. But—I intend to marry one of you!"

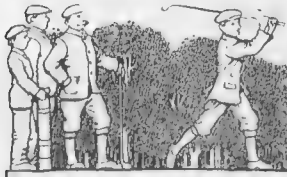
"By Jove, Ethel," cried the Colonel, excitedly, "do you, though?"

"Yes," she said, nodding her head solemnly.

"Then I may go straight back to my sister and tell her that you have consented to—to release Archie from his engagement?"

"Yes," she said again—and somehow or other her head this time had found its way to the Colonel's shoulder.

THE END.



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Sherlock Again. The new season being so well started, and busier at its beginning than any season has ever been in the past, there is a new and lively interest in personalities and players as the news of their feats and failures is published, such as there is not in the dark and wet days of winter, when the golfer broods over his own game and the difficulties, delights, and problems thereof. We may well begin to think of the approaching championships when golf of such dazzling brilliance is exhibited as that by which Sherlock gravely upset the calculations of Jack White in the first half of their big four-some match at Stoke Poges the other day. There are many who believed that

Sherlock's wonderful form last season was in the nature of a flash in the pan and would not be sustained; but now it appears that he is better than ever, and has the very valuable capacity of being able to play his best game when it is most wanted. In two months from now the Open Championship will be played at Sandwich, and I well remember that at the beginning of the proceedings when it was last played there—this being in 1904, when the aforementioned Jack White was conqueror—Sherlock broke the record of the course, and was the first to do so, though his new record was very short-lived, as records often are at these championship meetings. Sherlock now will certainly be joined with Braid, Taylor, and Duncan as chief favourites for the forthcoming tournament, which is likely to be at least as exciting as any ever played. His long game has very perceptibly improved since he went to Stoke Poges. He realised when he went there from the Oxford University Club's course that he would have to drive further from the tee and get longer seconds than formerly, and he set himself to cultivate this part of his game. Contrary to what might be called a general rule, he has taken to playing with longer wooden clubs than he formerly employed, and he now uses 44½-inch shafts instead of the 42-inch shafts that he had before.

Concerning Jack White.

Many will be sorry that Jack White has, to a very large extent, had the bottom knocked out of his prospects in this match by the remarkable display of his opponent in the first half in making a new Stoke Poges record of 65 and finishing the day nine up. The second half of the match takes place at Sunningdale on May 12, and White may get some holes back then; but nine are many to recover. Though he has only one championship to his credit, Jack has always been one of the most interesting figures in professional golf, and one of the most popular. The chief

strength of his game in the past has been in his putting, the foundations of his skill in which he laid when he was a caddie at North Berwick and used to play with the other boys there for penny sweepstakes on the putting course. He is something of an advocate of slow putting; and says that many players putt before they are really ready to do so because they feel they have exhausted the time-limit, whereas they should make these important strokes when they are quite ready to do so, and not a second earlier. Furthermore, he has candidly confessed that he often wastes time in looking at the line of the putt from the far side of the hole, not because he is in much doubt about that line, but simply to get his nerves nicely set and compose himself. "I want to feel that I want to putt," he says; "and, while I am waiting for that feeling coming on, I could hardly stand motionless on the green or keep on looking up at the sky. When I feel happy and comfortable I go to the ball again." There is much wisdom in these words.

Happenings in Lancashire.

Now we have the news from Lancashire that Mr. John Ball is at the top of his form once more, and has been doing some wonderful rounds. Such news has a way of coming along about a month before the amateur championship, as in this case; and despite his seven successes against the two of the best of the others, who has a better chance of winning the amateur laurels at Prestwick this time than this greatest of the sons of Hoylake? Eight amateur championships for one man are unthinkable, but so were seven. Many of us also have been interested in the good form displayed by Mr. Arthur Croome, wise philosopher and delightful critic of the game, in the course of the Oxford and Cambridge Society's tour. At Formby, on the last green, he had a putt

of a yard to win his match against Mr. Harold Hilton. He missed it, and he must have been thinking much upon the peculiarities and contrariness of this game since then. Having just mentioned Sandwich, and holding it so much in mind just now, one recalls that Mr. Croome tells a queer tale about his first visit there at the beginning of his golf, when he was receiving a stroke a hole from his opponent. He topped his tee shot at the famous and much-discussed Maiden, and played an extraordinary stroke out of the hazard which landed the ball at the lip of the hole, and his opponent, in a desperate



THE WINNING FINALISTS IN THE LONDON AMATEUR FOURSOME TOURNAMENT: MESSRS. H. E. TAYLOR AND R. TEMPLE THOMSON (RICHMOND).

In the semi-finals, Romford (Mr. A. H. Read and Mr. F. E. Cuming), beat Prince's, Mitcham (Mr. A. V. Hambro, M.P., and Mr. V. Maude) by 6 and 5; and Richmond (Mr. H. E. Taylor and Mr. R. Temple Thomson) beat Ascot St. George's (Mr. C. R. Minchin and Mr. W. N. Streater jun.) by 2 holes. In the final, Richmond beat Romford by 1 hole.

Photograph by Sport and General.

struggle for a half, then knocked it in with his own ball. He says he has sometimes wondered whether he counted this as a two in recording his score for the round as 96!



THE VERY REMARKABLE GOLF AT STOKE POGES: JAMES SHERLOCK (LEFT) AND JACK WHITE.

In the first stage of the 72-hole home-and-home match between James Sherlock and Jack White, for £50 a side, some very remarkable golf was seen. Sherlock holed the first eighteen holes in 65. Sherlock had previously done a 67 there. Mr. R. H. de Montmorency once did a 66 there, but during a private match, and the score included a hole done in 1. In the first round Sherlock was 65; White, 80. In the second round Sherlock was 75; White, 74. The second part of the match is to be played at Sunningdale on the 12th.

Photograph by Sport and General.



A GRANDDAUGHTER OF THE THIRD BARON KILMAINE: MISS CLEMENTINA BROWNE.

Miss Browne, who was born in 1889, is the second of the three daughters of the Hon. Mrs. Browne, widow of the late Hon. Arthur Henry Browne, sixth son of the third Baron Kilmaine. Her mother is a daughter of the late Sir John Don Wauchope, eighth Baronet.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

delighted recognition when it confronts him. Lady Villiers and Lady Devonport, the latter asterisked all over with diamond brooches, get each the daily greetings of groups of friends; but the large "Amazon" who hangs between them necessarily distracts many an admiring eye. The nameless lady on the horse in Mr. Lavery's picture is easily discovered to be a portrait of the artist's own daughter, the catalogue title of "Amazon" being bestowed on her gentle personality in accordance less with English terminology than with the French manner of labelling ladies on horseback.

Bacon or—? A Private View with only one Sargent portrait to discuss, and therefore with only one Sargent sitter to bear witness in the thronged rooms to the master's mastery in likenesses, was a Private View that lacked a great deal of the sport to which the last twenty years have accustomed us.



DAUGHTER OF THE CLERK OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL: MISS FITZROY.

Miss Alice Yvonne Fitzroy is the only daughter of Sir Almeric William Fitzroy, who has been Clerk of the Privy Council since 1898. Her mother is a daughter of Sir Henry Thomas Farquhar, fourth Baronet.

Photograph by H. S. Mendelsohn.

FOR the month of May pictures are all the fashion, and no trysting-place is more popular than "before so-and-so's portrait" at the Royal Academy. The painted group of Lady Ingestre and her daughters, with the lovely colouring that is a characteristic of Mr. Shannon's art, and also (which does not always follow) all their own, presided over many a well-kept appointment. Other portraits are equal centres of attraction. Lady Hindlip, radiant in the fairness of her race, typified the good looks of one third of the girls who moved about in the large gallery at the Private View. She is as essentially British as Lord Lonsdale, who is caught to the life in Mr. Bacon's portrait. The Kaiser, when he goes R.A.-ing, will laugh the laugh of



ENGAGED TO MISS EVELYN KEPPEL: VISCOUNT ANSON.

Viscount Anson is the eldest son and heir of the Earl of Lichfield. He was born in 1883, and was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. He is an A.D.C. and Acting Master-of-the-Horse to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Aberdeen.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

And, more, Sargent's one portrait is the least good he has ever painted, and his one sitter not a woman, but a man. No want of personal sympathy between the painter and his subject accounts for the failure of the picture: the Archbishop of Canterbury and Mr. Sargent parted when the last touch was put to the canvas with something more than the cordiality that usually follows the dozen, or half-dozen, interviews necessary to the production of a portrait; and, out of hours, they met on the top of the Simplon Pass, spending two or three days together above the clouds. Mr. Bacon, by the way, signs his portraits this year, in the familiar Sargent style. The manner of painting has only to be equally imitated,

and posterity will be perturbed by proofs that Sargent was really a pianist, all whose pictures were Bacon's.

The Wrong Word.

The marriage shortly to take place between Mr. Michael Holland and Miss Marion Broadwood will interest many people outside Canterbury Cathedral Close. And there is, of course, no reason why the wedding-reception should not pass off without a contretemps, the day having long since passed when the name to be relinquished by the young lady was a source of embarrassment. The Broadwood whose name is noised abroad on his own instruments was bidden to a dinner-party. "On no account mention pianos," the hostess fustily forewarned her husband, a man of nerves. All through dinner, and after, with the sweat of apprehension on his brow, he avoided the word, and, as the time for departure drew near, grew confident of final success. A servant having brought him a message, he turned with triumph in his eye, and blurted out, "Mr. Broadwood, your *piano* is at the door!"

Maxims.

Mr. Max Beerbohm's "Private View" at the Leicester Galleries was hardly less interesting in miniature than the Academy's. In the morning, Mr. Bernard Shaw, inquisitive as ever about "G.B.S.," examined the drawings of himself. He had at the same time an opportunity of seeing not only Max's version of Mr. A. B. Walkley, but Mr. Walkley himself. Mr. Walkley is much more inclined to accept Max's picture of himself at the Leicester Galleries than Mr. Shaw's rendering in "Fanny's First Play." The *Times* critic declares Trotter, whom every body else

hails as Walkley, to be "a pure figment of the imagination." Mr. Sargent, who often neglects even the R.A. Private View, did not face Max's distortions of himself. But Sir Charles Wyndham was there, and did not wince, and Mr. John Burns, hatless and leonine, seemed so brave that people looked at him instead of at his caricature. Sir Rufus Isaacs laughed outright at a weird reflection of himself in black-and-white. All Max's victims, if they do not actually sit to him, sit down cheerfully under his presentment of them. And Max admires them for it, frankly informing an interviewer that caricature must be a little unkindly, and that he would not like to be himself "hit off." Max's pencil ranks, in fact, as the deadliest—no, the liveliest—of Maxims.



ENGAGED TO THE HON. CORNELIUS PRITTIE, HEIR OF LORD DUNALLEY: MISS GRAHAM.

The Hon. Henry Cornelius O'Callaghan Prittie is the elder son and the heir of the fourth Baron Dunalley, a Representative Peer for Ireland. He was born in July 1877, was at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge, and is in the Rifle Brigade (Prince Consort's Own).

Photograph by Rita Martin.



WIFE OF THE MARQUESS OF HUNTLY'S HEIR - PRESUMPTIVE: MRS. DOUGLAS GORDON.

Before her marriage to Lieut. Granville Cecil Douglas Gordon, which took place in 1907. Mrs. Gordon was Miss Violet Ida Streatfield. Lieut. Gordon is in the Scots Guards, and an Assistant-Superintendent of Gymnasias, London District.—[Photograph by Bassano.]



A Crying Abuse. At last one of the motoring associations is to move in relation to the proper use of the highway by slow-moving traffic. Since certain questions were asked in the House of Commons on this subject, the Automobile Association and the Motor Union have communicated with the Home Secretary with a view to the adoption of remedial measures. Echoing what has so long been enunciated in the Motor Press and in these columns, the Association points out that the existing congestion which exists in many of the Metropolitan thoroughfares is mainly due to the practice of large and slow-moving vehicles holding fast to the crown of the road; also that certain powers existing under Section 78 of the Highways Act, 1835, can be construed to give the Metropolitan police power to deal with this crying abuse, and so to reduce the congestion of many streets to a minimum. This section provides that any person not keeping his wagon or other vehicle on the left or near side of the road, for the purpose of allowing the free passage of other vehicles therealong, is liable to a fine not exceeding £10 if he is the owner of the vehicle, and £5 if he is not.

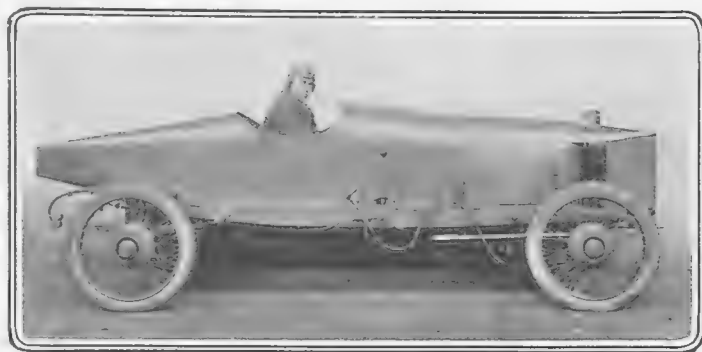
London to Follow Cardiff and Sheffield.

As an alternative, it is suggested that a by-law which shall compel large and slow-moving vehicles to hold to the left-hand side of the road would actually relieve to a large extent the present state of congestion, which so greatly and so expensively minimises the advantages accruing to all road-users from the great mobility of the motor vehicle, and its adaptability to present-day traffic conditions. The matter is not without precedent, which goes for everything in this country, for by-laws of the kind are already in existence in certain large cities, such as Cardiff and Sheffield. The A.A. and M.U. therefore urge that steps should at once be taken to create such by-laws for London, and to render them operative at the earliest possible date. This being so, it is good indeed to learn that the Association has been informed by the Home Secretary that he has the matter under his consideration.

Sweden as a Touring Ground. There is no doubt that the Tryptyque system now adopted by France, Switzerland, Italy, Holland, Belgium, Austria, and Spain has resulted in an extraordinary exodus of motorists from this country for touring on the Continent every summer. That the issuing total would be reduced by 50 per cent. were it not for the police and magisterial persecution which obtains here is common knowledge, and the loss is the greater to our hotel proprietors and tradesmen, by the large number of foreigners who are deterred from motor touring in this country by the fear of being plundered at the hands of certain of our local tribunals. Quick to see advantage in free touring, Sweden has recently signified her adhesion to the International Motor-Car Convention, and international passes can now be issued by the Royal Automobile

Club and the A.A. and M.U. to motorists desirous of exploring that country. I have no knowledge of the suitability of the Swedish roads, but, given they are passable, Sweden will presently be preferred to Switzerland, where, for the most part, the motorist is absolutely terrorised.

Value for Money! It is small wonder that the number of individual Associate Members of the Royal Automobile Club is going up, like our trade in '79, by leaps and bounds. Never was such value offered a motorist as is comprised by the simple guinea he pays for membership.



ON "TOODLES, II," CUP-WINNER: MR. L. COATALEN ON HIS 15.9 SUNBEAM.

Driving this car, Mr. Coatalen won no fewer than four cups at a single meeting the other day. In one event he made an average speed of 83 miles an hour for five miles.

First, in the palatial building in Pall Mall, the very centre of Clubland, the Associate has reserved to him comfortable rooms, with a hall-porter in attendance. The principal apartment is a reading and writing-room, with three windows overlooking Pall Mall and St. James's Square. The entrance to the Associates' quarters is at the west end of the building, with direct access to the touring department and all the other offices. In addition, the Associate can obtain legal advice and defence free of charge, and, moreover, has the vast resources of the touring department at his disposal for advice of the best and latest on home and foreign tours. The quarters are equipped with a telephone, light refreshments can be obtained, there is a well-fitted lavatory, and the premises are in charge of a responsible official who can be consulted at any time. If this is not value for money, we should like to know what is!

No Fault of the Car. Many and various were the reasons alleged for the unhappy accident which occurred to Wilkinson and the Benz car at Brooklands on Easter Monday. Brake-failure, that shibboleth of the uninitiated, was, of course, profoundly propounded, while a sticking throttle and a jammed clutch were among the sapient allegations. As a matter of fact, the cause of the catastrophe was none of these things, but just something which was unobserved and unsuspected until some time afterwards. The honour of the car being at stake, Mr. Crawshaw Williams, of the Brompton Motor Car Company, the agents for the Benz cars in this country, very wisely called in expert advice in the person of Mr. Worby Beaumont, who has reported that even after the *sauté terrible* all the organs above enumerated were in perfect working order. The accident was indeed due to other cause, and that nothing more or less than the fact that Wilkinson (being much shorter in the leg than his employer, Mr. Craig, for whom the car was adjusted) had placed a thick cushion at his back to enable him to reach the pedals. This cushion



GOING AT NINETY MILES AN HOUR ON A QUEERLY SHAPED CAR: BOILLOT BREAKING A RECORD AT BROOKLANDS ON A 7-H.P. LION-PEUGEOT, OWNED BY M. BOISSY.

Boillot succeeded in breaking his own record for fifty miles (39 min. 40 sec.) made on a similar car last November, and the records for the flying half-mile and the hour. He had intended to go for the half-mile, fifty-miles, hundred-miles, and one-hour records, and set off at a speed of seventy-six miles an hour. He had to retire eventually owing to a tyre-burst when he was within a lap and a-half of completing the hundred miles.

Photograph by M. Dixon.

was jerked out of position as the car went over the mark. Wilkinson could not then reach either pedal, and his helplessness at the moment, must have lost him his nerve for just long enough to carry him over the bank. It is good to hear, however, that he is likely to recover from his serious injuries.

[Continued on a later page.]



CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

Chester Cup. The race for the Chester Cup and the prize cheeses takes place to-day on a track that is about as quaint for a long-distance event as could be found. Yet in spite of that, and of the many counter-attractions that have grown up, the Chester Cup is still a great event in the Turf world. From a local point of view it is looked forward to with great eagerness, affording as it does a well-earned holiday, such as is taken by the Sussex people on Goodwood Cup Day, and by the Northerners on Northumberland Plate Day. The Chester people, like those at Doncaster, Yarmouth, and Brighton are, through their municipal governors, wise in their generation. They let the Roodee to the Chester Race Company, and take one-eighth of the gross receipts as rent. The result is that something like £1500 or more is annually made and goes to the relief of rates. Sir Watkin Wynn last year stated that owners and trainers did not look upon the Chester Cup with great favour, because they considered there was a great element of chance on the Chester course. If two horses started with an equal chance the result depended much on the draw. He also stated that it was not a good betting race. This is a vastly different state of things from that of former years, when horses were heavily backed for it months beforehand. Last year's winner, Elizabetha, was nominated for to-day's race, but she has been scratched. She had a very different weight to carry—namely, 8 st. 3 lb., instead of 6 st. 11 lb. It is instructive to note that amongst those she beat last year was Glacis, who, instead of conceding 2 st., was only set to concede 7 lb. Kilbroney has earned a stone penalty by his success in the Great Metropolitan, and it does not seem to be within the range of probability for him to beat Bagotstown under the altered conditions. My selection for the race will be found under "Monday Tips."

The Derby. Mr. J. B. Joel's Sundridge colt, Sunstar, won the Two Thousand Guineas in such impressive style that he is bound, providing nothing untoward occurs, to develop into a very much fancied candidate for the Derby. Until The Story appeared on the scene there was a disposition to look upon all the stock sired by Sundridge as nothing more than brilliant sprinters; and, truth to tell, their doings were such that one could be excused for allowing them no other attribute. The Story did something to dispel this belief last year, and at Epsom this year; and Sunstar has done more, for a horse that can win a race over the Rowley Mile demonstrates that he possesses a degree of stamina that is not to be despised. These latter years the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas has not often added the Derby to his laurels, but I believe Mr. Joel and Morton entertain no doubts as to Sunstar's ability to stay the mile and a half at Epsom. He may have had a pull over some of his Guineas opponents in the matter of condition, but the prestige of winning that race will ensure him remaining in favour until and on May 31. Stedfast ran well enough at Newmarket to suggest that

over a longer course he might beat the Wantage horse; and as there seems to be little doubt that King William is better than Stedfast—that is, when both are in full racing trim, the Hon. G. Lambton is probably looking forward to the Derby with more hope than last year, when, it will be remembered, he could not get Swynford fit for the fray. Cellini, too, will make a better fight when he has been trained more. Of the Palace House pair, it seems impossible that either can hope to turn the tables, for they were both fairly straight, and their wind infirmity is hardly likely to diminish.

Stayers.

Of the many words that are used in a somewhat indiscriminate manner in connection with racing the word "stayer" is the most abused. What is a stayer? What distance does a horse require to compass before he is entitled to such a description? We are often told that the great cups—the Ascot, Goodwood, Doncaster and Jockey Club—cannot be won by other than a great stayer. Well, I suppose that is true in a general way, but it may be doubted whether Velocity was a genuine stayer; yet he won the Doncaster Cup twice. The probability is that he owed his success to the fact that his opponents had not sufficient pace to get him on the stretch, so that he was able to smother them for speed in the final burst. Another instance of a horse of doubtful stamina taking a prominent part in a long-distance race was White Eagle in the St. Leger. He finished second behind Your Majesty—a position that I fancy no other jockey than Maher could have squeezed out of him. We are frequently told that it is not necessary for a horse to be a stayer to win the Derby, but I fancy those who are so fond of repeating the phrase would alter their opinion if they were required to run the stiff ascent from the starting-post at top speed. One of the queerest titles that have been invented for races in recent years is to be found in the Newbury records. It is the "Thatcham Long Distance Handicap." One could be excused for thinking that the distance of the race would not be short of two miles, but it is only a twelve-furlong affair. It seems difficult to apply the word "staying" to a race confined to two-year olds, competing over four furlongs, but you will notice the phrase "So-and-so stayed on best, and won." In such a case I suppose "staying on" means that the horse to which it is applied is faster than the next best.

MONDAY TIPS.

BY CAPTAIN COE.

For the Chester Cup, run to-day, I hear good accounts of Kilbroney and Facet, but I fancy that Bagotstown will turn the Epsom tables on the former and win. Other selections are: Chester, to day, Ormus; Stewards' Plate, Sands of the Orient; Prince of Wales's Welter, Buttery. To-morrow: Combermere Handicap, Fomelhault; Great

Cheshire Stakes, Mint Eve; Earl of Chester's Welter, Ballymany. Gatwick, Friday; Alexandra Handicap, Icy Cup; Saturday: Prince's Handicap, Plume. Haydock, Friday: Manor Handicap, Victory. Saturday: Three Year Handicap, Maxima.



A CUSTOM PRACTISED AT ONLY ONE PLACE: ANNOUNCING A START BY BUGLE AT THE ALDERSHOT STEEPLE-CHASE MEETING.

Photograph by W.G.P.



AS PLEASED AS PUNCH AT PUNCHESTOWN: LORD CHARLES BERESFORD IS AMUSED. The photograph, which was taken at the PuncHESTOWN Races, shows Lady Oranmore and Browne with Lord Charles Beresford.—[Photograph by Topical.]



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

Wildernesses of Paint.

I think that painters (probably owing to their delightful occupation) are the most optimistic of all artists, for do they not go on producing, year after year, wildernesses of canvases which no one buys, just for the pleasure of working on them? Every May sees a dozen exhibitions open with

pomp and circumstance, yet how many of these countless pictures are really bartered for hard cash? Time was, and not so very long ago, when every wealthy, self-respecting *épiciér* patronised what he called the "fine arts," and filled his square, red dining-room with large "oils" from Burlington House, his drawing-room with gilt-mounted pictures from the Society of Water-Colours, and his passages with marble (or Parian) statues. Nowadays, his women-folk affect oak-panelling, green brocade, and engravings in the passage. How, then, does the artist live? There are no pictures to be seen in the flats and villas of modern young *bourgeois* couples, while superior persons have, of course, a Post-Impressionist sketch, a caricature by Max Beerbohm, or a few splashes of colour signed by Sargent or Steer. What, then, becomes of the acres of canvases, the miles of handsome gilt frames, which burst forth at this season of vernal effort? Can it be

[Copyright.]

FOR THE FAIR RACE-GOER.

This is a gown for the races, in rose cachemire de soie, opening over an underskirt of pale blue veiled in black chiffon heavily embroidered in pink, and blue porcelain beads, with a deep hem of black satin. The hat is of black crinoline trimmed with two white ospreys.

that the frames will serve again for next year's show, and that even the vast canvas (for such things are costly) may be cheerfully painted over by the optimistic artist in time for May 1912?

A Latin on Woman. Senhor Braga, the President of the newly fledged Portuguese Republic, would confer the suffrage on educated and independent women, and he gives, as one of his reasons, that "women are the friends of man, but men are the enemies of women." This, from one of the masculine sex, is an amazingly candid confession. Moreover, the President apparently holds the broadest views as to what is a suitable profession for a person of the other sex. Asked by a distinguished Feminist, who journeyed from Paris to see him, if the so-called weaker vessels should be allowed to take the field in war-time, and even to become officers and generals, he (remembering, possibly, the immortal Maid of Orleans) cordially agreed, arguing that "no one should be hindered in the expansion of the faculties." There is going to be a lively time ahead for the Portuguese woman, and the only unfortunate thing is that there is no organised woman-movement in Portugal, the theories of their President not appealing, as yet, to the dark-eyed Senhoras. All will come in time, no doubt, and a century hence there may be women members of Parliament in Lisbon, just as there are now in Christiania and in Helsingfors.

Dressed by Britons. It is good news to hear that most of the soft tissues, satins, and laces with which the Englishwoman likes to clothe herself are not "foreign" at all, but are made in England, shipped abroad to get their French

prestige, and then sent back to these islands as the exquisite productions of foreign looms. The manufacturers thoroughly understand this idiosyncrasy of smartly dressed folk, and make their Machiavellian plans accordingly. The ladies like to think they are clothed by alien hands, and the shopkeepers see to it that they are not disappointed. And, after all, it is a little weakness which is shared by other races than ourselves. English cloth, serge, and Liberty satin have a marvellous vogue abroad among elegant folk, who insist on having these fabrics when they go to their tailors and dressmakers. Possibly, Liberty does not manufacture quite all the millions of yards of satin which are demanded in his name, nor can Ireland produce all the lace jackets, blouses, robes, and collars which are said, all over civilised Europe, to hail from the Emerald Isle. The fact is that in manufactures a name, a hall-mark, is everything; for it is exceedingly difficult to discriminate in minute differences, and people, for the most part, are unreasonably impressed with what other people have loudly praised. "What I tell you three times is true!" is an immortal aphorism which might be applied to the prestige of a name, and, indeed, the whole psychology of that great modern science of Advertisement, which even the man of genius has to avail himself of to-day if he wishes to succeed in his lifetime.

The Doorless American Home.

Miss Mary Mortimer Maxwell, who is an expert on American manners, writes amusingly in the *National Review* on the lack of privacy in Transatlantic houses and flats. English people who pay visits in the United States are always struck by the fact that all the living-rooms are open to the passages and hall, with nothing but a flimsy curtain between the pricked ears of servants and the householders. It is all, no doubt, part of the geniality, the lack of reserve, the marked gregariousness of the American people. At two houses in which I stayed in New York, there was a door to the bed-rooms and bath-rooms, but to no other apartment. The living-rooms communicated with each other by arched spaces, and sometimes there was a curtain, and sometimes not, the ambition of the owner being always directed towards having an effect of a vista of rooms. Visitors stroll about more in American houses, and thus, at a Sunday call, a couple may be seen conversing amicably in a far-distant dining-room, while the hostess is pouring out tea for half-a-dozen friends in the foreground of the drawing-room. The middle distance, in the shape of a morning-room, will possibly be occupied by the raging, ubiquitous American child, strewing its toys and its "candy" at its own sweet will. Uncle Sam doesn't

require privacy and quiet—or at least he doesn't get it—either in his home, in hotels, or on railway journeys. I am inclined, however, to think that Uncle Sam has his ideals in this respect, but that he is much too busy and too tired to insist on realising them.

**FOR THE FAIR ANGLER.**

This fishing-costume is in stone-coloured chevrot. The skirt has two simulated panels back and front over rows of stitching. Checked material is used to face the revers, band, and strappings. The hat is of stitched chevrot trimmed with a feather mount.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on May 10.

PROSPECTS.

THE Stock Exchange May-Day holiday ought to prove of some use in toning-up markets that had become slightly neurotic by reason of the big bull account, the Morocco scare, the fears as to the Austrian Emperor's health, and other reasons. In point of fact, Morocco is of no paramount importance as an international factor, while the age of the Emperor Francis Joseph has for several years past been so generally recognised that his august and venerable figure plays no active part in the affairs of Europe. Of course, what the markets want is an entirely fresh set of buyers, the present holders of the various stocks and shares having grown rather stale. That this required new influx of purchasers will come along is tolerably certain; and in the meantime those are happiest who, having bought stock, can afford to nurse it until a return to better times enables them to reap reward of their patience.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

Markets all round the Stock Exchange have got into a very "nervy" sort of condition, and to attempt a rational reading of them is to lose money, if you follow your views. For example, look at the jumpy state of the Rubber Market. For the gyroscopic changes there is neither rhyme nor reason, and Mincing Lane fiddles prices up and down in a manner which seems more like a reflection of Wall Street than of the state of the supply and demand for raw rubber. I hear the most confident prophecies that rubber is going to be put up substantially during the month of May, and I hear just as emphatic estimates that the commodity will be dropped to half-a-crown a pound. On judgment, it seems right to buy Linggis, Vallambrosas, and Highlands on any swift dip. Linggis are undeniably cheap at 45s., Highlands at 4½, and so on. On the other hand, it seems equally right to sell them when they have a sudden jump; but these operations do not appeal to the real shareholders, who are a good deal worried by the violent fluctuations. I fancy we shall see the raw market put along within the next few weeks. Big people are bears and other big people know it. The valorisation business has done the market, both in shares and the raw stuff, a lot of damage, and it is to be hoped that the whole scheme will be quietly dropped, if that be possible.

Out of the dearly bought experience of last year's Rubber boom emerges the patent lesson that wild rubber is an exceedingly dangerous thing to touch, and that the prudent man who goes in for Rubber shares should stick to the plantation companies, in whose shares he is much more likely to get a reasonable run for his money than in others connected with Rubber propositions in Brazil, West Africa, and such-like places. There is a Stock Exchange proverb which says more people in this world have been ruined by early information and inside knowledge than by anything else; but with regard to rubber, a little inside information is a valuable thing, because, if it leads to excess of caution and possibly to abstention from dealing, it also saves a man from losing money in wild-cat shares. If you are so unfortunate as to hold these last, my own idea is that it will pay you to sell them and to put the money into something where you do stand a fair chance of making something back; and there are at least a dozen florin shares in the Rubber Market which are likely to turn out profitably enough for people who buy them to pay for.

Can't make out why Grand Trunks don't go better. They have so much in their favour that one would have supposed the bull account might have been carried without causing the market any great anxiety. But apparently the general uneasy feeling has affected them, and nobody will look at Trunks. I can't help thinking that the Ordinary makes one of the most hopeful gambles in the House.

Peruvian Corporation, Preference and Ordinary, got put down in consequence of the Moroccan affair. Paris has been buying perhaps rather too many Perus just lately, and the market in the Stock Exchange is not sorry at having a chance of getting the stocks back more cheaply. There is a good rise coming here, too, when things settle down.

Spies Petroleum have not finished their advance yet. Here, again, something of a bull account has been built up, but a good many people took fine profits at about 39s. on the idea that many others had left selling limits at the level two pounds. Unless the unforeseen comes along, Spies should go, and will go, to five-and-forty shillings.

Lack of business is the answer to the numerous inquiries one gets as to why the Broken Hill shares don't go better. They have had a timid kind of rise, but deserve to stand considerably higher as regards Norths, Souths, and Proprietaries. Still, you can't whack a market along if only half-a-dozen people take a merely languid interest in it. Were there any popular demand, we should have the list 10 per cent. higher in less than a week; and the conditions of the base-metal market are quite sufficiently good to warrant bullishness.

Your best personal friends in the market won't let you sell a bear of Kaffirs. Some of mine get annoyed at the suggestion of such a thing. "You can't sell a bear in a market where there's no bull account," they say, with a touch of exasperation in their tone. Certainly it seems rather a hazardous game to play, but here, again, the want of business kills prices, and it appears absurd to go a bull of Kaffirs when there isn't a breath of business about. The rise might come like a thief in the night, and once more would arise the cry "All out!" So, maybe, it is as well to do what your friends advise, in regard to selling a bear of Kaffirs anyway, and after the Paris settlement of May 4 and 5 is over there might come a turn for the better. Never do we get near a Paris settlement without talk of trouble in the French capital. And the Berlin monthly settlement is getting almost as bad, as a bear lever. The only consolation is that the more trouble talk there is, the less likely is it that any trouble will materialise.

AN ECHO FROM DICKENS.

The modern Stock Exchange man is a type which certainly no member ought to attempt to describe. He is, perhaps, as far removed from most portraits of him in current fiction as from the average coalheaver. But we all like to read about ourselves and our predecessors, the latter, perhaps, being more interesting than the former. You will forgive me, I'm sure, for reminding you of a certain Wilkins Flasher, Esq., of the Stock Exchange, whose office was in a first floor up a court behind the Bank of England, whose house was at Brixton, Surrey, and whose horse and stanhope—what time a celebrated "leg-at-ease" called upon him—were at an adjacent livery stable. And the account continues—

"Mr. Weller took a chair, and Sam took a box, and the umpires took what they could get, and looked at the almanack and one or two papers which were wafered against the wall, with as much open-eyed reverence as if they had been the finest efforts of the old masters.

"Wilkins Flasher, Esq., the stockbroker, was talking to a very smart young gentleman who wore his hat on his right whisker and was lounging over the desk, killing flies with a ruler. Both gentlemen had very open waistcoats and very

rolling collars and very small boots and very big rings and very little watches, and very large guard chains, and symmetrical inexpressibles and scented pocket handkerchiefs.

"I see there's a notice up this morning about Boffer," observed Mr. Simmery. "Poor devil, he is expelled the House!"

"I'll bet you ten guineas to five he cuts his throat," said Wilkins Flasher, Esq.

"Done," replied Mr. Simmery.

"Stop! I bar," said Wilkins Flasher, Esq., thoughtfully. "Perhaps he may hang himself."

"Very good," rejoined Mr. Simmery, pulling out the gold pencil-case again.

"I've no objection to take you that way. Say, makes away with himself."

"Kills himself, in fact," said Wilkins Flasher, Esq.

The cheerful bet is entered, and Mr. Flasher condescends to attend to Mr. Weller's business, selling his Consols and taking him over to the Bank to make the transfer, passing a couple of porters who seemed dressed to match the red fire-engine which was wheeled away into a corner. They enter the Consol office.

"Wot place is this 'ere?" whispered the mottle-faced gentleman to the elder Mr. Weller.

"Counsel's office," replied the executor in a whisper.

"Wot are them gen'l'm'n a-sittin' behind the counters?" asked the hoarse coachman.

"Reduced counsels, I s'pose," replied Mr. Weller. "Ain't they the reduced counsels, Samivel?"

"W'y, you don't suppose the reduced counsels is alive, do you?" inquired Sam, with some disdain.

"How should I know?" retorted Mr. Weller. "I thought they looked wery like it. Wot are they, then?"

"Clerks," replied Sam.

"Wot are they all a-eatin' ham sangwidges for?" inquired his father.

"Cos it's in their dooty, I suppose," replied Sam; "it's a part o' the system; they're always a-doin' it here, all day long!"

Sam overcomes his father's objection to sign under the letter "W" by pinning the old gentleman to the counter while he affixed his signature to a couple of instruments, which, from Mr. Weller's habit of printing, was a work of so much labour and time that the officiating clerk peeled and ate three Ribstone pippins while it was performing.

And yet they want to simplify so simple an arrangement! Well, well! It will come, no doubt, and we shall some day be able to buy and sell Consols over the counter. Consols will be "popularised," and it is all to the good that they should be; but many a pleasant walk to the Bank, with many dear old ladies of both sexes, will be lost to many a stockbroker and

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

HOME RAILWAY SIGNALS.

The bogey of the big bull account is being worked for all that it is worth, if not a little more. Nobody can blame the market for putting down prices liberally when every broker seems to be a seller, but it may be playing into the hands of the bears to add other sales to those of the weaker brethren

Regarded impartially, the traffics of the Southern lines for the first four months of the year are not exactly brilliant. They will need to be supplemented by heavy Coronation "takes" to look really good.

Brighton Deferred received 4 per cent. dividend for 1909, 4½ per cent. for 1910, and should get at least 5 per cent. in respect of the current twelvemonth. Besides the Coronation traffics, the line should benefit largely from the Festival of Empire at the Crystal Palace, and the King's entertainment of 100,000 children should be a splendid advertisement for the Palace. Then there is electrification ahead; so what with one thing and another, Berthas don't look dear.

In considering electrification, it is necessary, of course, to remember that this means the raising of more capital. But it would not disturb the dividend on Brighton "A" for this year, anyway.

We venture to hope that our remarks as to the cheapness of Central London Preferred induced the buying of stock before the present rise came about. The price has advanced to 90, and even at that, the stock is easier to buy than it is to sell.

THE MEXICAN RAILWAY COMPANY.

Prior to last Thursday's meeting there had been a good deal of vague talk about Mexican Ordinary stock receiving a dividend of 3 per cent. in respect of the current half-year, but these cheerful anticipations were dashed by the speech of Mr. Yorke, who pointed out that a good deal of the increased traffic recently was due more to the insurrection than to any cause likely to be permanent. Upon this, the prices of all the stocks gave way, and the outlook is regarded with a more chastened frame of mind. That Mexican Ordinary at 60, or anything like it, stands at a figure which well discounts such a return as had been expected must be admitted at once, and only as a long shot can the price be justified at such a level. But, of course, in Mexican Rails the long shot is the view that is most popular with the market and with the speculators who follow it. They have been abundantly justified as regards the First and Second Preferences, and now the bulls declare that there is plenty of scope for expansion of traffic and decrease in expenses which would make Mexican Ordinary worth 75. The narrowing of the market is one reason why movements can be easily regulated by a comparatively small clique, so that although it must be admitted that on merits as they appear at present Mexican Ordinary is not worth 60, it requires a good deal of courage to sell a bear of the stock when the possibilities are so great in favour of the holders.

THE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

The old Stock Exchange adage which says that a bear comes right eight times out of ten is largely founded upon the chapter of accidents which so constantly turns out in favour of sellers. In a

[Continued on page 128.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

The One Topic. It is not only here in London that we are talking Coronation: the American colony in Paris is full of it, and many members of our American colony are over in the Gay City purchasing chiffons for the season. The Duchess of Roxburghe is there, and Lady Paget, who is taking round Mrs. Leeds, the lady who has Mrs. George Keppel's house for the coming month; Mrs. George Cavendish Bentinck and Mrs. Walter Burns are there also. The Parisian modistes are looking in vain for the usual invasion of English ladies buying their season's fig-leaves. Queen Mary has said "Home-made, please," and home-made it is to be. The Parisian and Viennese dressmakers are laughing and saying what "dowds" our ladies will be. In the immortal words of wisdom from the front Government benches, "Wait and see." If all goes as well as it promises, it will be "Britannia Rules the Modes"!

Misleading. It is a critical time just now with the affairs of fashion; we all want to know what will be worn. In Paris, it must be frankly said, clothes are wanting in grace and charm to a very remarkable extent. Here we cannot yet judge. I rushed at a Newmarket dress article headed "A Prelude of Fashion," although I should have known that disillusion would be my portion, since it is not a dressy meeting. When I read that blue serge and frieze were much worn, that blue in all its nuances seemed to be the colour for the Coronation season, I laid it aside with a sigh—it was an epilogue, not a prelude. At the moment, what I notice most in the streets is broad-ribbon bows on shoes, and silk stockings of remarkable colours; skirts fitting at the hips, attenuated at the ankles, and neat coats of a jaunty air. These things are worn by the ordinary girl. Smart women at all the big weddings recently have been wearing tunics, often of one colour over another, always embroidered and always of thin, ethereal fabric. It is hazardous to offer an opinion yet; but never venture, never win, so I will say that I believe the smart colouring for the coming season will be imperial purple, royal blue, and rose reds, and that happy harmonies in all three will be found to be thoroughly satisfactory when they are made by master minds in colour.

The Lords and Ladies of Lilliput. In this season of seasons their highnesses the babies must be considered. Mr. Arthur C. Millson, of 303, Oxford Street, who has been considering them for over thirty years with great success, has introduced for the great little folk in Lilliput—all are great and each is peerless—a Coronation carriage. The coach is finished in crimson-lake, one of the royal reds, with sham cane panels. It is upholstered in the new crimson-lake, and has an uncrackable leather hood and a long over-end apron; the wheels have 3-in. white tyres, with fine spokes; the fittings are silver-plated, and the bed is 31 in. long and 13 in. wide. It is worthy of its name, this carriage. A point about Mr. Millson's carriages is their length of bed. The "Coronation" costs ten guineas, and is remarkable value at that price. There are endless varieties of carriages and cars, all named and all having some special feature. For five guineas Mr. Millson can supply a charming little vehicle. His book of baby carriages is well worth perusal. Just now his pattern-book of summer awnings is of vital interest. They are varied and dainty and beautiful. It is to his forethought in arranging larger cars for older children that he owes a great increase in his order-books. He foresaw that children would sleep a great deal in the open air, and at once prepared to give them luxurious accommodation. His crib which folds up, and has a drop rail, the spring of which baby cannot manipulate, is known all the world over; and his All-British chair, which can be a high chair for the table, or a low one with a table in front for games, is a marvel. Also it triumphs in the fact that it is better than a German chair—something like it and cheaper.

The Rolling Stone of Much Moss.

There must be a change of fashion in proverbs. The old ones are out of date. Is there anything in the present day so evident as that good things get spoken of from friend to friend, and so orders for them roll in, and the much-prized golden moss results? Such remedies for faults and misfortunes of complexion, for instance, as those supplied by the Cyclax Company, 58, South Molton Street, are benefits that are freely spoken of after this fashion. A woman, charmed at being told how splendid she looks, soon expands, and tells her dear friends what she has been doing. Fired by her enthusiasm, and assured that nothing outside pure remedial methods are ever resorted to by the company, the dear friends are eager to go and do likewise; their dear friends will also be converts, and so the stone rolls and the moss grows. From all parts of the world come calls for help to the Company, for a bad complexion is a thing that no one woman ought to suffer from when these remedies are available, and when it is definitely understood that they will be efficacious. No case is entered upon that remedial treatment will not improve, so that there are no failures to stop the pleasant gathering of the moss. When the great big cosmopolitan public finds that honest value is given, and that it is successfully dealt by, the response is neither ungracious nor ungrateful, and of this the Cyclax Company have pleasant experience.



THE MONARCH AND THE MONOCLE: KING MANUEL AT BROOKLANDS.

As will be noticed from the above photograph, "snapped" a few days ago on the flying-ground at Brooklands, King Manuel has recently taken to the use of a monocle.

Photograph by News Illustrations Co.

Natalie a wedding service. "And if you are late, I will take your place a second time," threatened the lovely Russian's lovely bridesmaid.

Nowadays, historic cities realise the valuable assets which they possess in their ancient buildings, and still more ancient records and traditions, as a means of attracting the better sort of visitors. Especially is this the case in Coronation year, when there will soon be among us thousands of Colonial, American, and foreign visitors anxious to see the most interesting places in the country. They should not forget that, little over half-an-hour's run by train from London, lies one of the most picturesque and historically interesting old cities in the kingdom—namely, St. Albans, crowned with its beautiful abbey. St. Albans was once the ancient Roman Verulamium, of which a few traces still remain, and still more lie buried beneath the soil, waiting for the excavator armed with funds and authority as well as a spade. The St. Albans Chamber of Commerce has just issued a neat little brochure setting forth briefly and conveniently the chief points of interest of their city. Copies of this brochure can be obtained, free, from the Publicity Bureau, St. Albans.



THE FIRST DUCHESS TO FLY: HER GRACE OF BEAUFORT IN M. TABATEAU'S BIPLANE AT BADMINTON.

The Duchess of Beaufort has set the fashion in flying as a form of entertainment at house-parties. At the invitation of the Duke and Duchess, M. Maurice Tabateau recently visited Badminton House, their place in Wiltshire, on a Bristol biplane, and the Duchess herself, her children, and a number of distinguished guests each went for a flight as a passenger. The Duchess, who is a keen sportswoman, was delighted with her experience.

year was only 68 per cent. of the number of possible claims to meet which funds had been provided, which looks as if a policy in the Scottish Widows must be, in a sense, a kind of guarantee of longevity! The fact really shows the care taken to accept good lives.

Scottish caution together with Scottish business acumen in its management combine to render the Scottish Widows' Fund one of the safest, and, at the same time, one of the most profitable of insurance offices from the point of view of the policy-holder. Last year the amount of new business done exceeded the previous record by £300,000. The funds of the society, which are soundly invested, amount to more than £20,000,000, and the rate of interest they earn tends to increase.

The mortality among policy-holders last

Continued from Page 126.]

boom, of course, there is no use being on the short side, because even if in the long run the bear comes home, it may take an expenditure of money and patience that is not worth while in the circumstances. By way of practical example: the operator who sold a bear of Rubber shares just when the rise started eighteen months ago would have found himself badly out of pocket, in spite of the relapses which took place last autumn and again in the first weeks of this year. On the other hand, if he had come in and sold half-way through the boom, he would certainly have done well; but during the progress of a full-dress boom, it is not easy to muster up sufficient pluck to sell in the face of a huge public rush to buy. The chapter of accidents, however, has a knack of equalising movements which, as a rule, plays into the hands of the sellers. It is easier for Stock Exchange securities to fall than it is for them to rise, and this is due to the fact that, in nine cases out of ten, there are always plenty of shares available; and when the buyers get frightened by any slight incident, they add their holdings to the supply which already exists, and down come prices. It requires a good deal of courage to be a bear when the markets are apparently strong.

IVANHOE GOLD CORPORATION.

There has been considerable improvement in the developments at the Ivanhoe Mine in the past few months, and the outlook, both for the immediate and for the more distant future, is now very satisfactory. No difficulty is likely to be experienced in maintaining a distribution of about 22s. per share per annum, which represents a return of over 17 per cent. on the present price of the shares. The reserves of ore actually blocked out are equal to four years' supply for the mill, and the investments of the Company are of a value of another £1 per share, so that the excellent future prospects of the mine cannot be said to be discounted in the current quotation, and I should not be surprised to see the price improve to 7½. The most important paragraph in the annual report refers to the results obtained in the three winzes sunk from the 2120 ft. level, and may be quoted in full: "In the three winzes on east lode there appears to be a distinct change for the better in the character of ore below this level, and from knowledge of the payable ore met with in the past, the existing indications are favourable for better values being met with on the 2270 ft. level than on the 2120 ft. level, with the possibility of the pay shoot extending further south than has been the case for the past few levels." The work done in the last few months has fully confirmed this anticipation, and the outlook is now altogether favourable.

THE INDUSTRIAL AND GENERAL TRUST.

Some few weeks ago I ventured to predict that the forthcoming report would show that the income for the past year had been equivalent to over 11 per cent. on the Ordinary stock, and expressed the opinion that the shareholders would have cause to grumble if less than 9 per cent. was distributed on that stock. The figures for the past twelve months have now been published, and show that the actual income earned amounted to 11½ per cent. on the Ordinary stock. The directors have, however, preferred to raise the Ordinary dividend by only ½ per cent. to 8½ per cent., and the way in which the balance has been disposed of will be evident from the summary below. The corresponding figures for 1910 are added for the sake of comparison—

	1910.	1911.
Total income	£174,672	£181,452
Balance, after paying Debenture interest, etc. ..	108,085	116,215
Transferred to Reserve from income	17,297	19,626
To Staff Pension Fund	Nil	2,000
Brought forward	—	42,452
Carried forward	—	45,229
Transferred to Reserve from profits on realisations	23,291	30,373
Reserve Fund	350,000	400,000
Ordinary dividend	8 per cent.	8½ per cent.

These figures are eminently satisfactory, and the fact that the directors could have distributed 11½ per cent. on the Ordinary stock, after carrying all the profits on realisations to reserve, is vastly more important than the fact that the dividend is only raised to 8½ per cent. Still, I think the directors could well have afforded to be more generous, and many shareholders will be inclined to point out that, after all, posterity has done nothing for them! I may, however, be taken for granted that the rate for the current year will be at least 9 per cent., and within a few years 10 per cent. The Ordinary stock, now about 166 cum. div., is a fine investment, and, humanly speaking, is certain to improve in the next few years to 200. Q.

Saturday, April 29, 1911.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. B. C.—Nos. 1 and 2: no. No. 3: we think not. Nos. 4 and 5: yes.

A. M. and J. W. B.—Your letter was answered by post on April 25.

W. J.—We replied to your letter on April 27.

NOVIO.—(1) The West African Tin mining shares are rather in favour just now, but, of course, they must be deemed very speculative. (2) We cannot form any estimate that would be reliable as to what price National Telephone Deferred is likely to be paid off at. It is a matter of guesswork.

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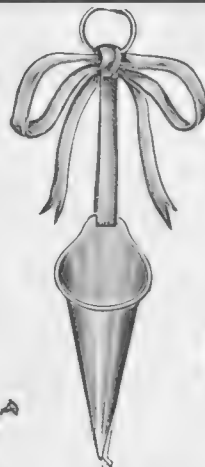


No. S. 1.—Flower Stand, in best Silver Plate. Height about 5½ in.

15/-



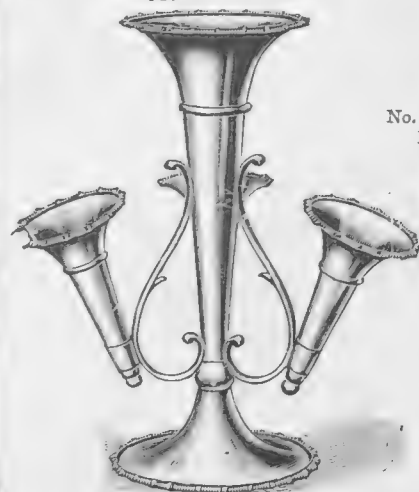
No. S. 2.—Silver Flower Vase. Height about 6½ in., 11/9



No. S. 3.—Silver Motor Vase, with ribbon attached, 6/6 Other designs, 9/6 & 11/6



No. S. 4.—Thistle Vase. Best Electro Plate on Nickel. Height about 5½ in., 11/3



No. S. 5.—Flower Stand. Best Electro Plate on Nickel. Height about 10 in. £1 14 6



No. S. 6.—Artistic Flower Centre-piece. Best Electro Plate. Length about 23 in., £2 17 6 If fitted for Electric Light, £3 6 0



No. S. 7.—Artistic Flower Stand. Height about 8 in., 20/3

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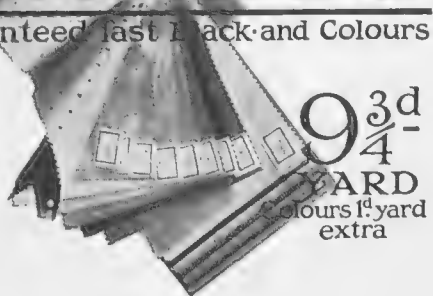
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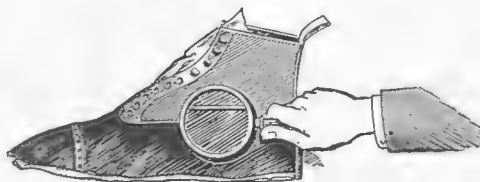


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The Flor de Dindigul Cigar.

ESTABLISHED OVER HALF A CENTURY

DREW & SONS,
PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.

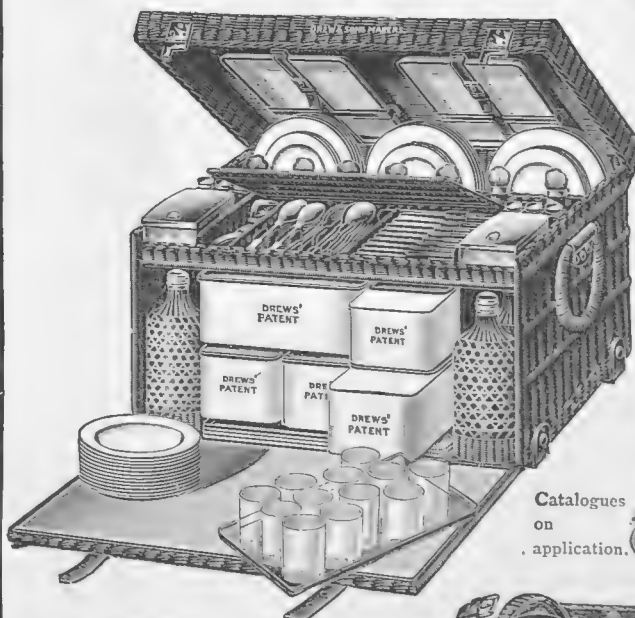
Patentees and Sole Makers.



DREW'S
New Patent
LUNCHEON
BASKET

THE MOST
PRACTICAL
FOR SHOOTING,
COACHING,
THE MOORS
THE RIVER
MOTORING.

Two, Four, Six, and
Eight Person sizes.
Special Baskets
made to fit the avail-
able space in car.
Advice, plans, and
estimates free of
charge.



Catalogues
on
application.



DREWS' NEW MODEL PATENT £2 10
"EN ROUTE" TEA BASKET,
Invaluable to all Travelling.

A Necessary Equipment to Every Motor-Car.
A Cup of Tea in a Few Minutes.

FOR TWO PERSONS.

Size 12 in. long, 7 in. wide, and 8 1/2 in.
deep, very light, and easily carried
in the hand.

With Silver-plated Kettle £2 10 0
With all fittings Silver-plated 3 3 6

FOR FOUR PERSONS.

Size 15 in. long, 9 in. wide, and 10 in.
deep.

With Silver-plated Kettle £3 15 6
With all fittings Silver-plated 4 16 6
Sent carefully packed to all parts.



A Handsome and
Really Useful
Wedding Present.

To avoid delay Cheque should accompany orders by
post.



The Famous Paris House of
MARTIAL & ARMAND
 LTD.
 10, PLACE VENDÔME,

have now on view at their

London Salons, 125, New Bond Street,
 their

LATEST PARIS CREATIONS

in

Afternoon and Evening Dresses, Tailor-made Cloaks,
 Lingerie, Hats.

Ladies are invited to take this opportunity of inspecting some of the most beautiful models ever brought over from Paris.

ITCHING SKIN

WHEN your skin begins to burn and tingle, and a small itching pimple or rash appears, the one necessary precaution is to apply to the affected parts some of that soothing antiseptic balm, Zam-Buk. Irritation is at once stopped, and the temptation to scratch and rub the itching places disappears.

As the rich Zam-Buk sinks into the pores or breathing-holes of the skin, not only is the flesh fortified against germ attack, but the natural function of the pores is so stimulated that the impurities imprisoned in the skin find a natural outlet instead of remaining to ferment in the tissues, and break out in disfiguring

Spots, Pimples, & Rashes,

which, unless removed by Zam-Buk, may attract the germs of *eczema*, *ulcers*, and *blood-poison*.

The skin that is gently rubbed over with Zam-Buk balm and regularly washed with Zam-Buk Medicinal Soap is never irritable or troublesome.

Zam-Buk

OF ALL CHEMISTS.

TRIAL SAMPLE CAN BE HAD FREE! The proprietors invite all "Sketch" readers who have not yet tried this soothing and healing skin balm to make a personal test free of cost. To obtain a sample box simply enclose 1d. stamp (to cover postage), and mention May 3rd "Sketch." Zam-Buk Mfg. Co., Leeds.



NOTE THE LITTLE
 'FAIRY' PATENT

You never heard anyone say that 'Fairy' Glasses spoilt their looks — on the contrary, all who wear them declare that they look more attractive with them than without. Any sight can be suited with the elegant, almost invisible, rimless 'Fairy.' Royalty wear them, people of fashion wear them — if you need glasses you should wear them too.

DOLLOND 'FAIRY' INVISIBLE EYEGLASSES

Illustrated Booklet Free by Post. Seven days' Free Trial can be had if desired.

ALL OPTICIANS STOCK THEM

Beware of inferior imitations. Every genuine pair of 'Fairy' Eye-glasses always have the trade-mark 'Fairy' stamped under the bridge.

DOLLOND & CO. Ltd. The Royal Opticians

223, Oxford Street, W.
 5, Northumberland Avenue, W.

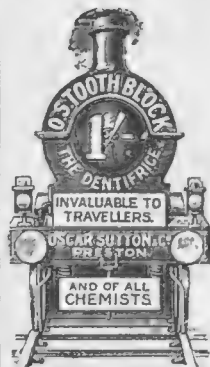
35, Ludgate Hill, E.C.
 62, Old Broad St., E.C.

IT DOES GO!

Thanks to the
 Medical and Dental Professions.
BEST AND SAFEST DENTIFRICE.

**OSCAR SUTTON & Co.
 PRESTON.**

PRICE ONE SHILLING, SOLD EVERYWHERE.



PRICE'S



CANDLES.

GOLD MEDAL
PALMITINE

FOR DINING & DRAWING ROOMS

GRAND PRIZE
PARASTRINE

FOR USE UNDER SHADES

J J & S

It is not only advisable to ask for John Jameson's Whiskey when opportunity offers, but to insist on there being a bottle in the house.

It is a pure pot still whiskey of splendid flavour, fully aged, and guaranteed by a firm that has been famous for the quality of its whiskey for over 130 years.

John Jameson's Whiskey

John Jameson & Son, Ltd., Dublin. Estd. 1780

S. D. & H.



TEVIA

Scotch Suitings for Business Men

"TEVIA" TWEEDS, by their Exclusive designs, Comfort combined with smartness, Unassailable quality, have superseded the monotonous Blacks for the business man. "TEVIA" can be worn on all occasions, and is specially manufactured to suit Men of Taste.

Insist on seeing 'Tevia' Quality Mark on every length. Your Tailor will show you 'Tevia' patterns.

WHOLESALE AGENTS:

Stewart Bros. & Co., Glasgow

Incidents from a Lady's life (Picture 14)

Preparations for a Journey

have not been carefully carried out if the supply of "4711" Eau de Cologne has been overlooked. Always carry a bottle of "4711" with you. — In a stuffy railway carriage it will always be a boon to you. The "4711" refreshes you and its disinfecting qualities are indisputable.

Eau de Cologne must be distilled at Cologne — or it has no right to this title. Ever since 1792 the "4711" is distilled at Cologne, after our own Original Recipe.

Insist upon the Blue & Gold label "4711".

Sold everywhere.

4711 Eau de Cologne

Try the 1/6 Box of "4711" Eau-de-Cologne Soap.



The Smartest Vehicles are fitted with Connolly Tyres.

They make all the difference in the appearance, running, and life of a vehicle. Connolly Tyres are made of specially compressed rubber, and every detail in their manufacture is carefully carried out by expert workmen. They are more resilient and durable than any other tyre made.

CONNOLLY TYRES

Send for Booklet-18.

J. W. & T. Connolly, Ltd., King's Cross, London, N.



C. Brandauer & Co.'s Ltd.

CIRCULAR POINTED PENS.

SEVEN PRIZE MEDALS.



These

series of

Pens neither scratch nor spurt.

They glide over the roughest paper with the ease of a soft lead pencil.

Assorted Sample Boxes, 6d., to be obtained from all Stationers.

If out of stock send 7 stamps to the Works, BIRMINGHAM. Attention is also drawn to their Patent Anti-Blotting Series.

London Warehouse: 124, NEWGATE STREET, E.C.

£150,000 worth of Genuine Superior Second-Hand Furniture for Sale.

THE FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.,

Islington, London, N.

Hold the Largest Stock of High-class Genuine Second-Hand, Modern, Antique and Oriental Furniture in the World.

£150,000 worth of Genuine Superior Second-Hand Furniture, Bedding, Carpets, Draperies, Plate, Linen, etc., always on hand.

Amongst the properties which we are offering for sale are those formerly belonging to:

The Late

EARL EGERTON OF TATTON.

SIR G. W. R. CAMPBELL.

LADY MILFORD.

DOWAGER COUNTESS LOVELACE.

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THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP SEEFELLS.

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SIR G. NEWNES, BART.

SIR P. ALBERT MUNTZ, BART., M.P.,

And hundreds of other notable personages.

A magnificent collection of Bedroom, Dining-room, Reception and Billiard Room and Library Furniture,

comprising some elegant examples of Adams, Chippendale, Sheraton, Hepplewhite Bedroom Suites with bedsteads to match, and Dining-room Suites with Dining Tables, Sideboards, Mantel Mirrors, Pedestals, Carving Waggons, etc., en suite.

A very choice collection of Drawing-room Furniture, Louis Seize and Louis Quatorze Gilt and Carved

Settees, Fauteuils, Screens and Cabinets, Vernis Martin, Boule and Marqueterie

Escritoirs, commodes and Writing Bureaux, Wall Mirrors, etc. A very fine

collection of Jacobean, Tudor, Queen Anne, William and Mary, Georgian, and early Victorian Furniture.

Persian, Turkey, Indian, Aubusson, Axminster, Wilton, and other

Carpets. Rugs, etc., in all designs and sizes. A large quantity of choice silk

Draperies and Curtains, Paintings and Engravings, after Reynolds, Herring, Gainsborough, Lawrence, Landseer, etc.

Several fine Chiming Bracket and Grandfather's Clocks. Four Very Fine Pocket

Grand and several other Pianos by most eminent makers. Iron Safes by Tann, Milner, Griffiths, etc., Chesterfield Settees

and Lounge Chairs to match. Several fine old Tallboy and Bow-front Chests, and

Gent's Robes, with sliding trays and drawers.

A quantity of Electric Light and Gas Fittings. Books, Silver, Sheffield Plate. Canteens containing Cutlery

by Mappin and Webb, Elkington, etc. Magnificent Sets of Cut Table Glass, Bed

and Table Linen.

Some delightfully fine pieces of Royal Dresden, Sevres, Old Lowestoft, and other China. Some fine Natural

History Specimens, including Lions, Tigers, Leopards, Bears, and other Skins mounted

as Rugs, complete with Heads, Claws, etc. Two Billiard Tables. A quantity of

Chinese, Indian, and other curios and trophies; old armour, guns, knives, etc.

Hundreds of other items too numerous to mention here, in most cases being

offered at less than one-fourth the original cost. Every item guaranteed

delivered in perfect condition.

Full descriptive Catalogues and Photographs will be sent free on application to any part of the world. Any items may be

had separately, and can remain stored free until required, or will be packed by skilful and experienced furniture packers and

shipped for any part of the world, the same care being taken with an order for

20s. as with an order for £20,000.

Write immediately for Catalogue.

Please cut this advertisement out and keep for reference.

THE FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES, LTD.,

48 to 50, PARK STREET, UPPER STREET, ISLINGTON, LONDON.

(Easy of access from all parts of London.)

Cab Fares refunded to all customers.

Hours: 9 a.m. to 9 p.m., Thursdays

9 till 5.

Catalogue and full particulars free on application.

THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

(Continued.)

Cloak Your Spare Cover.

That light is inimical to rubber not in use cannot be too widely known amongst motorists, and for this reason those who have respect for their pockets will be at pains to encase the expensive tyres carried as spares alone or upon Stepney or other spare wheels. Running on the rims, rubber does not appear to suffer from light, which is curious; but, idle and exposed, the case is otherwise. Then not only does a casing prolong the life of a spare cover, but it also enhances the appearance of a well-equipped car, in contradistinction to the garish sight of an unprotected cover—which, by the way, the drivers of taxicabs appear to delight in accentuating by daubing all over with whitewash. To meet the requirements of the "tidy motorist" in this connection, the Dunlop Tyre Company, Ltd., have in the Dunlop spare-tyre bag put a remarkably smart accessory upon the market. It is in shiny black material resembling patent-leather, and, thanks to the exceedingly neat patented fastening, it fits flush all round the cover. Last, but not least, it is very reasonable in price.

Drought and Tyres.

Cuts in a tyre, when they do not cause deflation, very frequently pass right through the rubber and fabric-tread and cut the threads of the casing, the hole gaping more or less when the tyre passes over the ground. In dry weather tyres should be examined after every run, the grit cleaned from the gaps, and the cuts stopped with the excellent tyre-stopping sold by the leading tyre companies. If the cuts are of any size they should be repaired by vulcanisation, which can be done with the tyre on the wheel by the Pocket Vulcan Automatic Vulcaniser sold by Messrs. T. Lacoste and Co., 184, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.

Henry Edmunds Trophy.

The trade does not appear to have been successful in obliterating the one Club open event left us—namely, the Henry Edmunds Trophy, which, with but one or two intermissions, has been offered as the guerdon in a hill-climb since 1903. This fine cup was presented by the pioneer veteran motorist, Mr. Henry Edmunds, in 1902, for a competition to be particularised and carried out by the R.A.C. The first winner to have his name inscribed upon the "pot" was Mr. E. Campbell Muir, who, in 1903, at Castlewellan, Ireland, won the event on a 60-h.p. Mercédès. In 1905, the cup went to the Rev. F. A. Potts and a 38-h.p. Daimler; in 1906, Mr. G. S. Barwick drove another 38-h.p. Daimler to victory, and

repeated the dose in 1907. In 1909, Mr. Percy C. Kidner's 20.5-h.p. Vauxhall scored, and last year the trophy fell to Mr. R. Lisle, driving a 15.9-h.p. Star. This year, the climb will take place in the grounds of the Court House, Shelsley Walsh, Worcestershire. The hill is 1133 yards long, and the crux of the ascent consists of a little knob of 250 feet, of 1 in 6½. Entries, which are restricted to vehicles fitted with internal-combustion engines not exceeding 16-h.p. R.A.C. rating, and stroke 121 mm., close, to the Club secretary, on June 3 next.

Continental's Flitting.

If the proof of the pudding (good old adage) is in the eating, the quality of a motor-car tyre is evinced by its popularity. Popularity means increased demand, for more tyre-advertising is done by the spoken word than in any other way. Increased demand means more scope and more space, and so we find the Continental Tyre and Rubber Co. (Great Britain), Ltd., who have dated hitherto from 102-8, Clerkenwell Road, E.C., pushing out to new, most extensive, and most completely appointed premises in Thurloe Place, South Kensington. Here the Continental tyre, in all its sizes and phases, will be dealt with in a manner commensurate to its enormous use by British automobilists. No finer testimony has ever been accorded to Continental tyres than the unstinted praise of Messrs. R. Selz, P. C. Kidner, and A. J. Hancock, touching the behaviour of those they used when driving their Vauxhalls in the Prince Henry Trophy.

Flying Schools Numerous.

The prospective aviator has to-day no lack of choice in the matter of schools whereat he may acquire the science and practice of aviation. At Brooklands there is the Avro School, the feature of which is the "Avro" biplane built by Messrs. A. V. Roe and Co., and upon which Mr. Pixton did so well in the boisterous weather of last Easter Monday. The "Avro" appears to be just the machine for a novice, for one reads that in his initial attempt at flying at all, and after being warned only to roll, Lieutenant Parke, R.N., made a series of flights and actually turned. There is no denying Jack, and, after all, if a sailor won't shape into a good aviator, then who will? At the London Aerodrome, Hendon, of which a good view can be obtained from the Midland Railway, there is the Blériot School, the Grahame-White School, and the Valkyrie School, which latter is certain of patronage by reason of the wonderfully stable qualities of the Valkyrie machines. Then that energetic and progressive corporation, the Bristol and Colonial Aeroplane Company, Ltd., have flying-schools on Salisbury Plain, Brooklands, and Eastchurch.



THE FOLLOWING

Lloyd's

Motor Car Policies

are issued by

The Red-Cross Indemnity Association.

RED-CROSS Policy.

ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB Policy.

DOCTOR'S Policy.

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FULL PROSPECTUSES

... from ...

Any LLOYD'S BROKER or

The RED-CROSS INDEMNITY ASSOCIATION,

1, Cornhill, London, E.C., and

13a, Pall Mall, London, S.W.



Meet "the new prodigy"
... at our Showrooms. ...

Examine it—then let us take you for a run. The singular beauty of this model, its wonderful speed, hill-climbing, and accelerative power, will, we believe, astonish you.

"14"

METALLURGIQUE

"SCIENCE OF METALS."

Chassis Price . . . £325

Illustrated Catalogue sent on request.

WARWICK WRIGHT, LTD.,

110, High St., Manchester Sq., London, W.

Telegrams—"Lurgique, London." Telephone—8574 Gerrard.
Repairs, Coachbuilding, Accessories, Hydraulic Shock Absorbers.

DEWAR



*"Health to the King, Prosperity to the People and may the
Ministry direct their endeavours to the Public good rather
than engage in Party distinction."*

PETER ROBINSON'S REGENT STREET



R.S. 12503.

Very Dainty Ninon Blouse, elaborately tucked in groups front and back, new shaped collar and cuffs of fine Malines Lace and Insertion, lined throughout with strong Washing Net. Three sizes. In White, Navy, Hyacinth, Grey, Reseda, and Black.

Other colours to order.

PRICE 27/6

Larger sizes made to order.
2/- extra.



R.S. 14295.

Dainty Blouse in White Cotton Voile, with Black Pin Spots, Valenciennes Insertion, Yoke, and Embroidery. Three sizes.

PRICE 25/9

The TOCAH The Latest in HAMMOCKS Absolutely Unique.

FROM
10/6

No 'ropes, Wires, Pegs, or Posts to Fix.

Folds Flat and Opens as Simply as an ordinary Folding Chair. The head end can be either raised to form a Lounge or lowered to form a Bed. Catalogue free.

Obtained at all leading Stores or direct from the

TOCAH CO., LTD.,

Specialists in Garden Hammocks and Tents, 51G, DERBYSHIRE ST., LONDON, E.

Special Show of Summer Models

throughout the Week.

Mr. Ernest has now completed his exclusive Creations for the coming season, and invites ladies to call and inspect the lovely original Coats and Dresses at

185, REGENT STREET, W.

Ernest.



Afternoon
Gowns

Tailor
Costumes

Evening
Dresses

Travelling
Coats

Millinery

Mail Orders.

Illustrated Booklet and
Patterns free.

ABSOLUTE COMFORT ASSURED
to the woman who wears

'SPHERE' SUSPENDERS

which grip the hose securely without straining or tearing the most delicate fabric, and give the figure the fashionable straight-fronted effect.

Affixed in a moment, they save hours of discomfort.

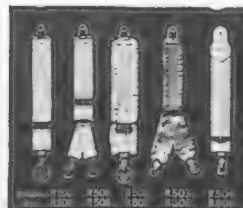
PRICES—

Mercerised, R 500 to R 504, 1/- each.

Silk, R 505 to R 509, varying from 1/6 to 2/3 each.

THE GRIP THAT GRIPS AND NEVER SLIPS.

If your draper does not
stock them, apply to



'SPHERE' SUSPENDER
CO., LEICESTER.

Postage, 1d. per pair
extra.



GRANDE MAISON DE BLANC

LONDON, W.

62, NEW BOND STREET.

PARIS.

6, BOULEVARD DES CAPUCINES.

(No Branch in America).

CANNES.

43, RUE D'ANTIBES.

(Winter).

Table & Bed Linen, Handkf's, etc.

Woven by Hand on our own Looms.

LADIES' LINGERIE

LOUVET Frères, Proprietors.

O. BOYER, Director, formerly of New York.

Our beautiful Linen tailor-made Costumes are unequalled for cut & elegance.

This Smart Coat and Skirt is made in a new and pretty material, **8½ guineas.**

New Creations every week at prices ranging from **4½ guineas.**

Write for Leaflet of our famous 2-Letter Monogram Ladies' Handkerchiefs.

7/11 doz. & 16/9 doz.

THE WHITE HOUSE

51 New Bond Street
London

Telephone 4108 Gerrard



Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street,
(Cavendish Square) London, W.

Famous for over a Century
for Taste, for Quality, for Value

RACE COATS

All these garments are adapted from the latest Paris models. They are made by skilled men tailors. The quality of the material used is invariably excellent. They are suitable for smart occasions as well as for driving, for motoring, and country wear.

Race Coat (as sketch) in coating serge, lined and trimmed with foulard to tone. In navy and good pastel shades. The same garment is made in natural Shantung at the same price.

6½ Gns.



IS YOUR HAIR FALLING OUT?

Acidity, and thickening of the scalp—these are chief among the causes which lead to the falling-out of hair. It is to remove these evils that the

ILEITA Co.'s HOP AND ROSEMARY HAIR TONIC

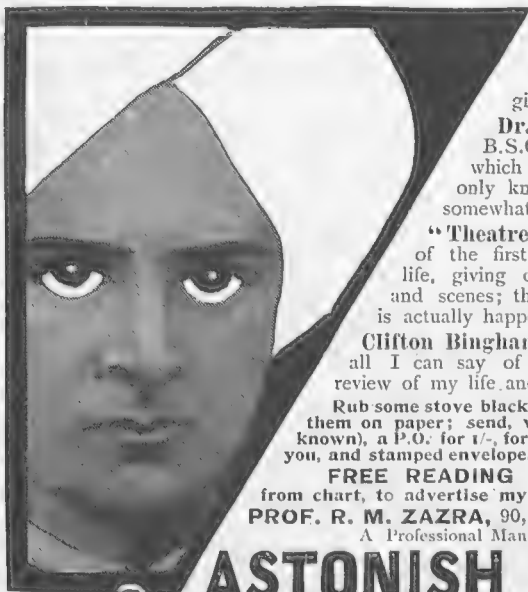
is specially prepared for them by a leading Specialist of 30 years' reputation. It strengthens the scalp naturally, is the best known remedy for dandruff, and promotes a healthy growth of new hair. It is a true hair tonic—not a mere stimulant—and contains no acid. For white hair a Special Preparation of Hop and Rosemary is supplied.

Ladies are constantly writing their appreciation of the efficacy of this tonic, and a selection of their letters, together with other useful information, will be sent in the form of a dainty booklet, **POST FREE**, on request.

In Bottles, 6s. each. Address—

The ILEITA Company, 14, Upper George Street, Bryanston Square, W.

30 YEARS' REPUTATION



"Modern Society" says: "Practically inimitable. He is a man with a peculiar far-seeing gift."

Dr. R. Marouche, M.D., B.S.C.: "The accuracy with which he depicted my life, facts only known to myself, leaves me somewhat perplexed."

"Theatre Magazine": "A mystic of the first rank. He reeled off my life, giving dates, describing the people and scenes; the future which he predicted is actually happening."

Clifton Bingham writes: "Mysterious, is all I can say of your marvellously correct review of my life and present position."

Rub some stove black or ink on the thumbs, press them on paper; send, with birth date and time (if known), a P.O. for 1/-, for cost of chart, etc., to be sent you, and stamped envelope. I will give you a

FREE READING OF YOUR LIFE

from chart, to advertise my success.

PROF. R. M. ZAZRA, 90, New Bond St., LONDON, W.

A Professional Man writes:—**YOU**

ASTONISH & HELP

MARVELLOUS WEST END OFFER HAIR NATURAL AND BEAUTIFUL

CORONATION ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS 30/-

All-Round Transformation

30/-

BEST QUALITY ONLY.

ALL-ROUND, 30/-
SEMI, 15/6.

TEST AND GUARANTEE
We send all goods on approval and exchange with pleasure. This is our guarantee of Good Faith. No other firm will do this unreservedly as we do.

CORONATION TRANSFORMATION 30/-

Any Design copied same price.

SEMI, 15/6

30/-

CORONATION CURLS

7/6

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All-Round "Grecian" Transformation 30/-
Grecian Curls, 7/6, 15/6, 21/-

10/6

21/-

This Season's Fashion: Send to-day for New Illustrated Catalogue just published. "How to be Beautiful." Post Free to any part of the World. Ask for a selection of

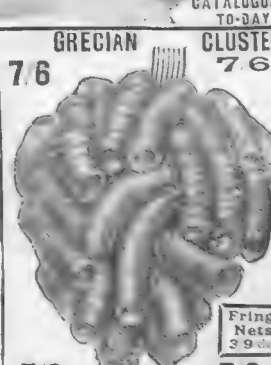
GOODS ON APPROVAL

All Goods sent Carriage Paid with pleasure, packed and sealed in Private Safety Boxes. Managers always in attendance. Telephone No. 13100 Central. Only Expert Lady Hair Specialists Employed.

THE INTERNATIONAL HAIR CO., LTD.
Dep. S. 9, NEWMAN ST., OXFORD ST. 43, BROMPTON RD. (nr. Sloane St., opp. Tattersall's), LONDON.



TAILS OF BEST QUALITY PURE HAIR.
16in., 2/6; 18in., 3/6
20in., 5/-; 22in., 7/-
24in., 11/6;
26in., 15/-;
28in., 20/-;
30in., 25/-



GRECIAN

7/6

CLUSTER

7/6

Fringe Nets, 3/9 each

TALK No. 1.

WIPE OFF THAT FROWN.

It never made a friend or a penny for you yet, and never will. Meet trouble with a smiling face. It will pay you well, or, better yet, if your trouble is physical, take **CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS** and get rid of it.

They do cure Constipation, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Wind, and kindred ills, and so gently and easily that you will not know they are at work. No drastic bowel action to injure the delicate membrane of the bowel, no stomach pains or sickness. You will know you are well, for they will give you the clear eye and complexion, and clean tongue and good red blood of perfect health. You will be well and happy, and it will be easy to "wipe off that frown."



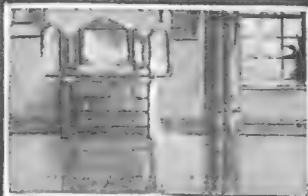
For Headache.
For Dizziness.
For Biliousness.
For Torpid Liver.
For Constipation.
For Sallow Skin.
For the Complexion.

GIVE THE CLEAN TONGUE
OF PERFECT HEALTH.

Small pill. Small price.
Small dose. Sugar-coated—
purely vegetable.

Genuine package has signature—

Brent Good



**Furniture
and Floors
beautified**

with maximum of ease and
minimum of expense, by

THE Sanitary Polish.

In Tins, 3d., 6d., 1/- & 2/-, everywhere
RONUK, Ltd., Portslade, Brighton.

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PROMOTES

a delicious increase of health that makes
the whole body tingle with

NEW LIFE.

Even the first wineglassful creates a definite
and substantial degree of

RENEWED HEALTH,

and each succeeding wineglassful promotes
and maintains

INCREASED VIGOUR

that fortifies the body and enables you to
resist illness and regain a wealth of glorious
health.

TEST IT FREE!

A liberal trial bottle will be sent on receipt
of the coupon below.

Coleman & Co., Ltd.,

W 44, Wincarnis Works,
Norwich.

Please send me a Free Bottle of
"Wincarnis." I enclose three
penny stamps to pay postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

"The Sketch," May 3, '11.

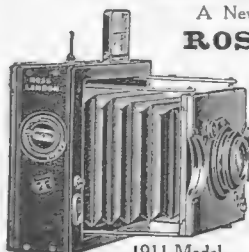
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ROSS' "HOMOCENTRIC" Lenses,

THE BEST and THE MOST UNIVERSAL
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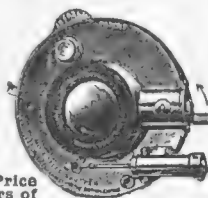
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CONTENTS.

Amongst the contents of this number, in addition to the customary features and comic drawings, will be found illustrations dealing with Sent M'ahesa; Ladies versus Gentlemen, at Stoke Poges; Princess Juliana; "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; Royal Academy Exhibits; "A Butterfly on the Wheel," at the Globe; M. Michael Mordkin; Miss Enid Leslie; and the Countess of Lytton.



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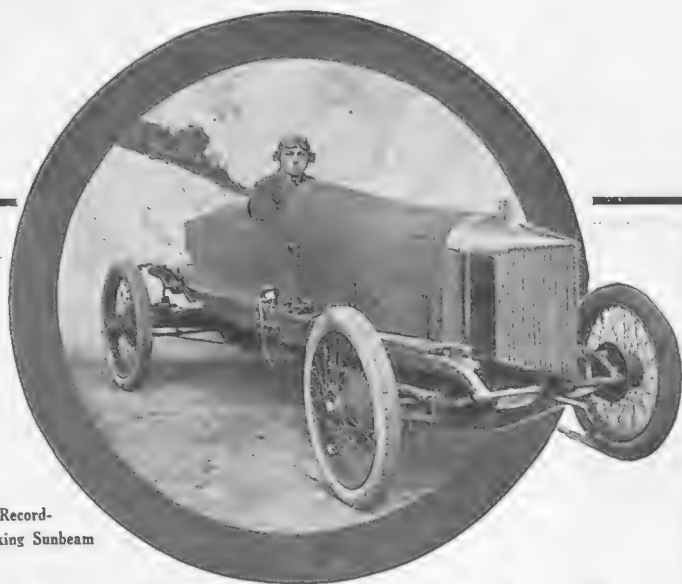
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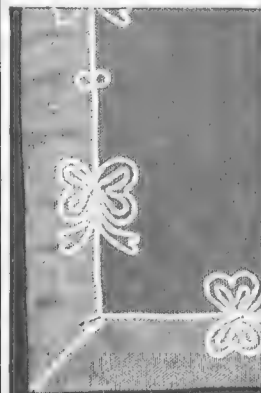
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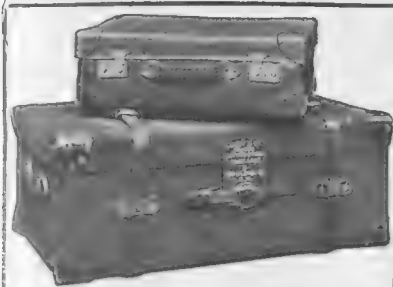
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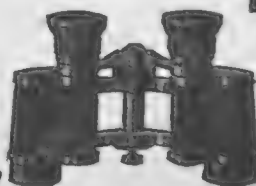
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THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

THE news that the Government have decided to "speed up" the Small Holdings Act does not excite much enthusiasm in the country. I am always interested to compare the attitude of the town and of the country when some scheme that promises to "speed up" the Millennium is put forward by statesmen whose real knowledge of country problems is subordinated in some degree to party considerations; but it may be doubted whether a more debatable measure than the Small Holdings Act has ever passed into law. In theory and intention it is, of course, admirable; the agricultural labourer has much to contend against, and in many counties where the soil is heavy, wages are small, and bad weather spells lost time, his lot is pitiable, and calls for improvement as much in the interests of the country as of the individual. But the Small Holdings Act predicated a capacity for management and a quality of judgment that are not the common gift of the average agricultural labourer.

Speaking as a small employer of labour, I have no hesitation in saying that in nearly twenty years I have found few workmen with the quality of initiative or the quality of foresight that are demanded to turn a small holding into a successful tenure. I have found plenty of good workers, men who can be depended upon to work steadily from half-past six in the morning until five in the afternoon and to take an intelligent interest in what they are doing, but they must be told what to do. When, for causes beyond my control, I have been compelled to leave them undirected for a month or two at a time, the result has always been unsatisfactory; they have not been able to deal with any emergency, any sudden change in conditions brought about by sudden changes in the weather, any event that has the quality of the unexpected and could not be discussed beforehand. Under these conditions they are at a loss, and, failing fresh directions, pursue the original programme in the hope that the old plans will justify themselves. Men who farm on a very large scale have told me the same thing.

I have a friend who passes every weekday of his life in the saddle, covering his extensive properties, and giving his instructions day by day. In the worst year he has no losses, and in good years his land brings in a percentage upon capital value that would hardly be expected by the most optimistic agriculturist. But he tells me that when he was ill, and was sent away for a three months' voyage, his workers, though they served him loyally, ran the land at little or no profit, and he thinks he was uncommonly fortunate in escaping loss. The qualities that make a man a first-

class worker for others may be quite worthless when he comes to work for himself.

The Small Holdings Act, in the opinion of very many men well qualified to judge, puts the cart before the horse. It should have followed a comprehensive plan of co-operation, the establishment of local depots serving a central market, a service of motor-vans for speedy and inexpensive collection of all material for these markets and for carriage to the most outlying holding of all the material the small-holder demands. As things are, the small man will need to hire his machinery, to cart his own goods, and to find the profits of a fair season eaten up by the long series of inevitable expenses. What the Government proposes on a large scale has been tried already by private landowners and philanthropists upon a smaller and more generous scale, with but a small measure of success. Neither the men nor the conditions are prepared for a change that, though it is soundly democratic in principle, is beset by dangers of all kinds, and is being "speeded up" for party purposes rather than for the real benefit of a needy, unfortunate, and indispensable class. That the Act will, in the long run, prove a failure is more than likely, and the more closely it is examined the more strange it seems that, with the wealth of experience at the service of those who drafted it, the measure should have contrived to ignore so many facts that are patent to the ordinary intelligence of the countryside. Our successful farmers are either men who have inherited the tradition of farm-management or have acquired it by practical experience and the sound training of a good agricultural college. The men who work on the land have acquired the capacity for doing sound, useful work under the direction of the farmer or his foreman; with the problems of management they have no concern. They sow what is given them to sow, they reap what they are told to reap, the best of them are sturdy, plodding, honest, simple-living human machines, and you cannot make them something else by Act of Parliament.

The profit-sharing principle adopted on Lord Rayleigh's farms in East Anglia is not an ideal solution of the agricultural problem, but it is at least a very long step in the right direction, the opening up of a new and promising era for the land industry. The Small Holdings Act has frightened landowners, added to the perennial discontent of farmers, and filled countless agricultural labourers with high hopes that in the great majority of cases will find no fruition. It may satisfy the London Radical, but his brother in the faith who lives in the country can find in it no salvation for the evils he would wish redressed. He will welcome a more practical solution of the problem, even though it proceed from the party that, down to the present, has failed to justify its commanding position in the countryside.

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LONDON & PARIS.

STORIES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PARLIAMENT has been watching the Royal Academy banquet this week. A problem which has baffled, is baffling, and will baffle the Mother of Legislatures has been solved by our Salon in the simplest possible manner. The Royal Academy banquet had developed into one of the great speech-making festivals of the year. The toast-list had grown to sixteen full-dress orations, and these, taking the long with the short, would have filled a fair-sized volume at any average banquet. The Royal Academy had become cursed with a plague of words, such as afflicts our House of Commons, where, in spite of Sir Carne Rasch's attempts to shorten speeches, members are actually now proposing to read them. The Academy did better than this. She cut out the speeches entirely in 1908, then started afresh. It was at the resumption as if long speeches had never been. She resumed with a shortened toast-list and speeches sufficiently brief to enable guests to see the pictures and get home before the advent of the milk-cans on the doorstep.

Academicians, if put upon their oath, would probably confess that they would eat their dinner more comfortably at the Academy were Lady Butler of their company. Sir Hubert Herkomer cannot help it, of course, but his election was gained at her expense. That is to say, he was elected in the year of her attempt to gain the coveted initials, and by a couple of votes he beat the "Pallas of Pall Mall," as Ruskin named her. That was the nearest thing there has been since the eighteenth century, when Mary Moser and Angelica Kaufmann were actually members of the Academy. Votes for women were not then so difficult to obtain, nor so well deserved as in the case of this highly gifted lady. The fair Angelica, however, was once on the way to the Presidency, on terms not exactly complimentary to her. Fuseli, with whom she had been wont to indulge in a harmless flirtation, voted for her in the year of West's election, saying that "one old woman was as good as another." Well, did not the great Dalton gravely nominate the doorkeeper for the Presidency of the Philosophical Society?

Young artists say that Government annuitants and veteran R.A.s are the only people who have discovered the secret of perpetual youth. The hopelessness of the case of the man beyond the pale has been ventilated in Parliament, and the fact mentioned that the number of Academicians is the same to-day as when the Academy was first constituted nigh upon a century and a half ago, when artists were but one tenth the number of to-day's. But Mr. Asquith could only tell the House that it had no alternative but to mind its own business; it has absolutely no control in the matter. So the

Forty remains the Forty, and—will it be believed?—at a recent election, among the 140 candidates for the single vacancy among the Associates, there were five painters who had been candidates at every election during the preceding two-score years! It was after Mr. Asquith had declared his powerlessness in the matter that some lady, as we will say, pasted across his portrait in Burlington House the challenging suggestion, "Votes for Women"—as though in that way lay the solution of the difficulty.

But it is not only to membership of the Academy that the progress of the gentle sex is jealously guarded; the lady finds her path beset even at a private view, unless she go armed with the necessary passport, no matter what her status. Dalton would have voted to the Presidency over the head of Sir Edward Poynter that simple soul who stood, as with flaming sword, protecting the portal, when the wife of Bishop Blomfield sought entry at a Private View. Too late she discovered that she had mislaid her ticket. "Sorry, Ma'am, but you ain't a-comin' in without it," said the gentleman of the keys. The lady gently insisted, but the janitor was adamant. "Oh," said Mrs. Blomfield at last, with some asperity, "but you must let me pass—I am the Bishop of London's lady." "No, Ma'am," quoth the Sphinx; "I could not let you in, not even if you was the Bishop of London's wife!" And he didn't.

The Selection Committee have a high tradition, to which they must conform: their predecessors once rejected a Constable when Constable was himself present. They did not know whose was the work, of course; but he did, and flushed slightly as the hateful "X" was chalked upon his composition. "Thank you, gentlemen," he said; "that's my picture." And he insisted that there should be no rectification of the "mistake" made by those who sought to make reparation. And this was in the mind of Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema when a certain picture, of origin unknown to the others, came up for judgment. "I'm so glad that that is passed," he presently said: "that is my daughter's."

What some of us would like to see would be the contrast between the works as they appeared before Varnishing Day and as they presented themselves to the guests at the banquet. Some of our lions, the young men say, merely rough-out the outline in their studios, and do the actual painting after the picture is hung. But not all our pictures have come in that manner to fame. Orchardson was going slowly to work on one when friends suggested that he should send it in to the Academy. He set to work and painted against time. He kept at it all that day and all that night, and the day following. At the last possible moment the canvas was dragged away, still incomplete; but it was accepted and hung, and he painted in the final details on Varnishing Day. That performance would take some beating by the most strenuous of our Dorandos of Art.

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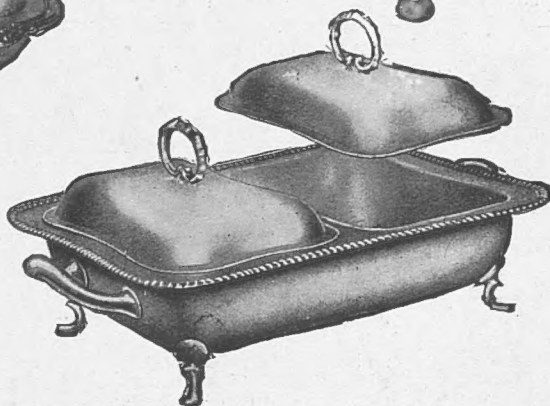
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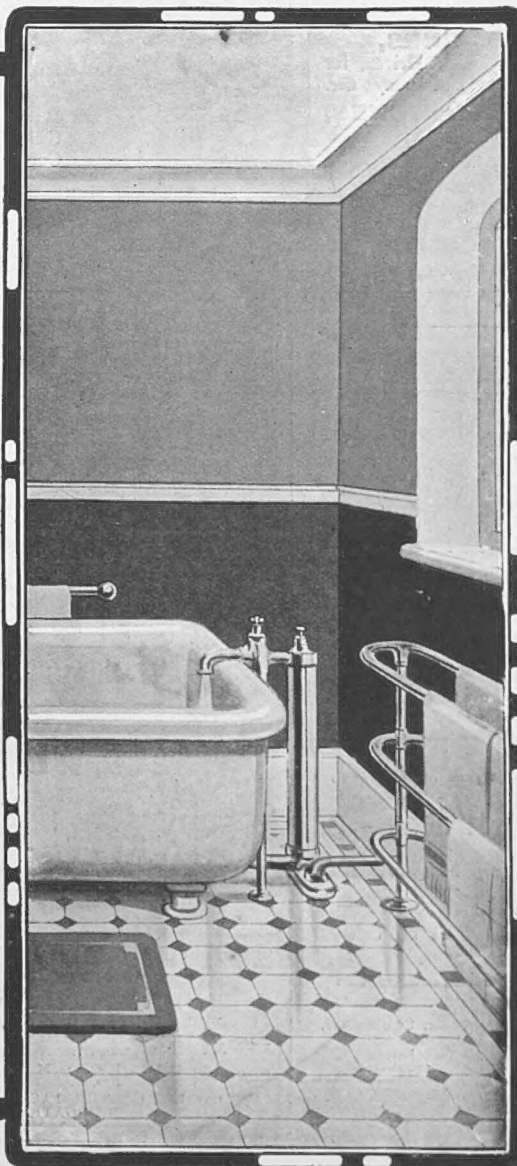
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A NEW NOVEL.

"Repton."

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL
F. KANE.

(John Murray.)

Colonel Kane has chosen that period for his story sacred to Uncle Toby's memories—"when our army was in Flanders." He writes so naively that quite a lot may be learned about himself at a reading; he certainly knows more of war than of love, and he shares a general British prejudice against Jesuits. His hero was educated by this society and intended for their priesthood, but several displays of mental insubordination prevent that plan coming to anything. Well towards the middle of the book the Colonel gets him to the seat of war with Marlborough and Prince Eugène. For some time he served on the latter's staff as aide-de-camp, and he saw two campaigns, one resulting in the battle of Malplaquet, and that the year following, when Douay capitulated, and Bethune fell to those two great generals. In connection with these engagements the author publishes a small plan which exposes the strategy of the combatants so clearly that Mrs. Shandy herself might have understood it. There is considerable Jacobite intrigue besides fighting, the Chevalier de St. George himself leading a regiment of horse against Marlborough, and receiving afterwards those overtures from the Duke which have so blackened the latter's fame. But Colonel Kane will hear no word against Marlborough, and points out that he was only following his Queen's example in making tentative efforts after the Stuart succession on her death. Charles Repton himself carries the Duke's

letter to "James III.," and after succeeding in the rescue of his little pupil, whom the naughty Jesuits had abducted, he receives a decree of excommunication from Rome, and returns home to England and beauty in the form of Joan Selby, his pupil's sister. A most satisfactory and thorough villain makes the plot workable, and Charles Repton's personal encounters with him are exceedingly lively ones. He tells his story in almost too measured prose—even for the eighteenth century. "The hedges were white with hawthorn bloom, and the smell of the Mayflower, mixed with that of the trodden grass after a shower, invaded the nostrils with the familiar intrusion of privileged friends," is a phrase somewhat stilted, though as prelude to the little love-scene which follows, it is not out of place. This novel is more likely to be acceptable to my Uncle Toby than to the Widow Wadman.

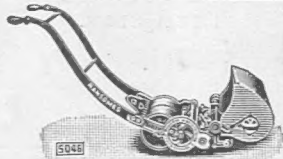
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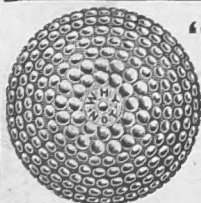
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